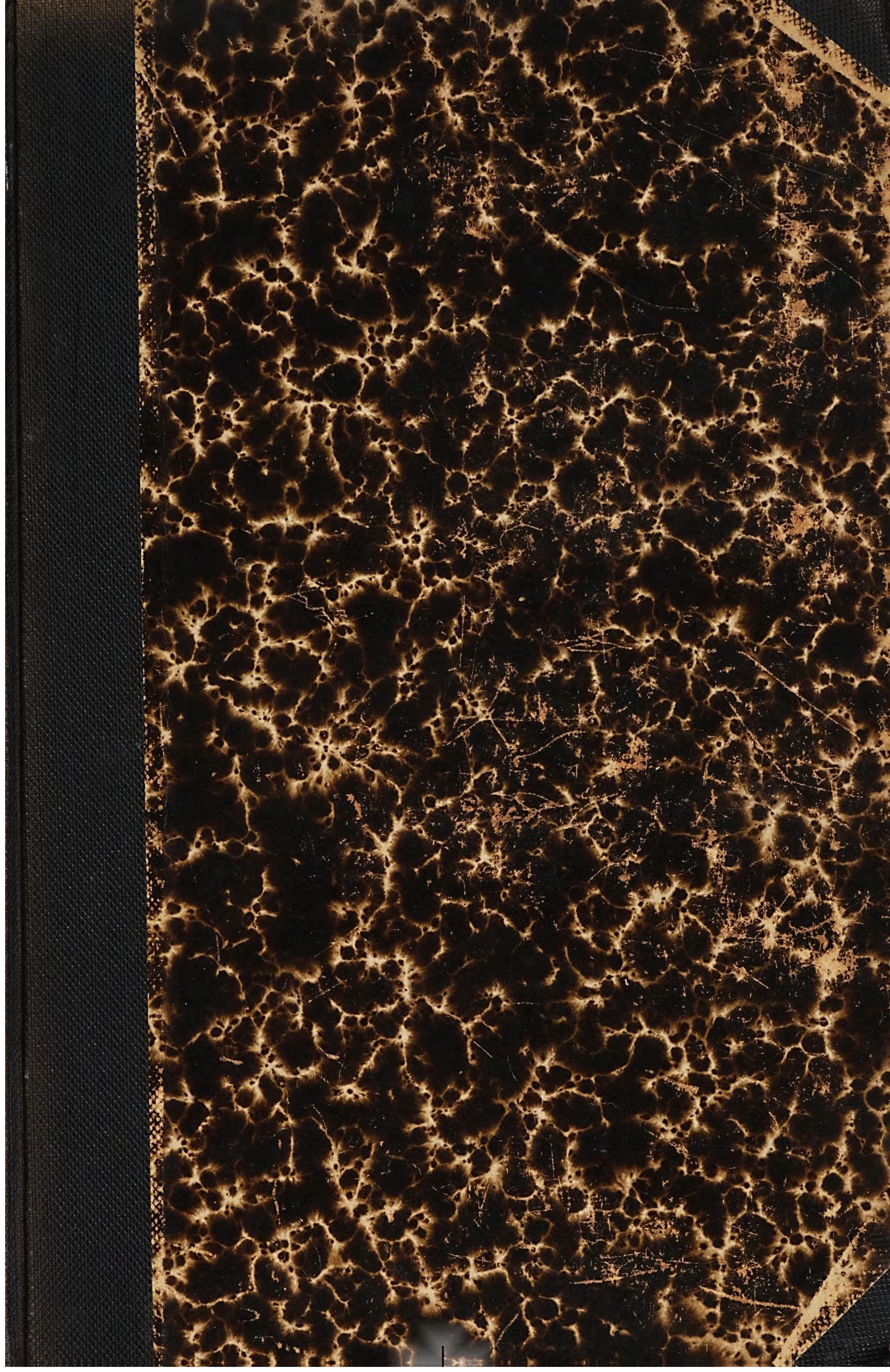






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ORIGINAL PAPERS  
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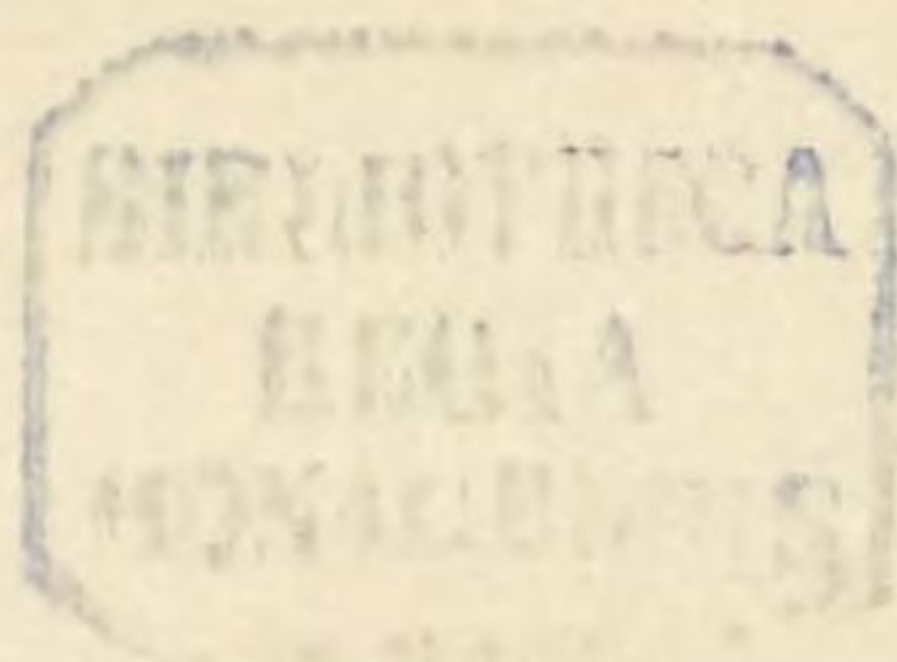
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## ON THE PERSONAL RELATIONS BETWEEN GOETHE AND BYRON.<sup>1</sup>

BY FRIEDRICH ALTHAUS.

---

AMONG the manifold personal relations formed between Goethe and famous contemporaries, in the course of a life distinguished as much by length of years as by comprehensiveness of work and width and depth of sympathy, the relations between him and Lord Byron cannot fail to excite special interest. They show in a striking light the commanding position to which Goethe's genius had then attained, while, at the same time, they exhibit one of the most noteworthy examples of the growth of that spirit of international appreciation in which Goethe recognised a promise of what he used to call prophetically "Welt-literatur". As far as I know, there is only one other instance of analogous relations—Goethe's friendship with Carlyle. But Byron had finished his meteor-like career when the star of Carlyle was only just appearing above the horizon; and though Carlyle's admiration for the master-spirit of his age was founded on a more thorough knowledge than Byron ever possessed, the homage paid by the latter is instinct with elements of peculiar attractiveness and brilliancy. Byron, at the time he first publicly expressed his admiration for Goethe, had achieved a European fame second only to that of Goethe himself. His was a tribute paid by one great living poet to another, by an English poet to a German; and, moreover, at a time when the claims of Goethe to pre-eminent greatness were still far from being recognised by the leaders of literary criticism in England. There can, indeed, be no doubt, that Lord Byron's admiration for Goethe powerfully contributed to the growth of that more general appreciation which illuminated Goethe's closing years.

<sup>1</sup> Read at the meeting of the Goethe Society in University College, London, 22nd Dec. 1887.



Nothing, on the other hand, could be more ungrudging, more sincere, more generous, than Goethe's appreciation of Byron's genius. Nor is this all. To enter fully into the spirit of the personal relations formed between these two great men, it should be borne in mind by what immense differences of age and of mental constitution they were separated. Goethe was Byron's senior by nearly forty years; he had attained to the age of seventy-one when his first appreciative notice of Byron's work was published. For him, the doubts, and storms, and catastrophes of life had long been subdued to a pervading feeling of calmness and harmony, with which the wildly erratic, restless, stormful life of Lord Byron appeared in strange contrast. How then was it that such strong personal sympathies should arise between two men so differently situated?

The most obvious answer seems to be that each of them sincerely admired the genius of the other. But in the peculiar circumstances just pointed out so general an explanation cannot be accepted as satisfactory. After a careful study of the facts, I have arrived at a more definite conclusion, which I hope to be able to prove the true one; though, of course, I am far from wishing to dispute the fundamental condition of poetical genius and of the concomitant faculty of appreciating it on both sides. As regards Goethe, I believe what more particularly attracted him in Byron was the sight of a great poet who reproduced in an original and striking manner the period of storm and stress through which he himself had passed in his youth. The contempt of a conventional world, the Promethean defiance, the longing after the infinite, the passionate feeling of despair of arriving at a solution of the mysteries of life; in short, the same emotions to which he had given vent when composing his *Werther* and *Faust*, re-asserted themselves with astonishing force and originality in the author of *Childe Harold*, of *Manfred*, and of *Cain*. It was only natural that the elder poet should be deeply moved by such a phenomenon, though he himself had long outlived the period in which he had gone through similar phases of storm and stress. As regards Byron, his appreciation of Goethe, as a matter of fact, was mainly founded on what he knew of *Werther* and *Faust*. At any rate, these are



the only works of Goethe with which he professes some acquaintance. He did not know German, and even if he had become acquainted with any other of Goethe's works from English, French, or Italian translations, it does not appear that he was as strongly impressed by them, or that they did more than extend and complete the idea of Goethe's genius which he had first imbibed from those two great fountain-heads. Supposing this view to be correct, it is seen at once that Goethe and Byron, in spite of any intervening differences, external and internal, met on a common ground of sympathy, in which friendly feelings could take firm root.

In several appendices to the series of the *Goethe Jahrbuch* I have noticed references to essays on the subject of the relations between Goethe and Byron; but, much as I should have liked to see at least one of them, that by Alois Brandl, the author of the recent book on Coleridge, I have not been able to obtain a copy. Before, however, proceeding to lay before you the historical details, as far as I have been able to gather them, of the personal relations between Goethe and Byron, I cannot refrain from referring to a remarkable essay in which another famous man, Giuseppe Mazzini, has developed his opinions concerning the relative position of Goethe and Byron in contemporary literature. The opening paragraph of this essay will, I imagine, produce a somewhat startling effect on most admirers of Goethe; but those who may happen not to be acquainted with it will, I am sure, be interested in hearing it quoted as a literary curiosity. "I stood one day", Mazzini begins, "in a Swiss village at the foot of the Jura, and watched the coming of a storm. Heavy black clouds, their edges purpled by the setting sun, were rapidly covering the loveliest sky in Europe, save that of Italy. Thunder growled in the distance, and gusts of biting wind were driving huge drops of rain over the thirsty plain. Looking upwards, I beheld a large Alpine falcon, now rising, now sinking, as he floated bravely in the very midst of the storm; and I could almost fancy that he strove to battle with it. At every fresh peal of thunder the noble bird bounded higher aloft, as if in answering defiance. I followed him with my eyes a long time, until he disappeared in the east. On the



ground, about fifty paces beneath me, stood a stork, perfectly tranquil and impassible in the midst of the warring elements. Twice or thrice she turned her head to the quarter whence the wind came, with an indescribable air of half-indifferent curiosity ; but at length she drew up one of her long sinewy legs, hid her head beneath her wings, and calmly composed herself to sleep. . . . . I thought of Byron and Goethe, of the stormy sky that overhung both, of the tempest-tossed existence, the life-long struggle of the one and the calm of the other ; and of the two mighty sources of poetry exhausted and closed by them."

The effect of this, as I ventured to remark, is somewhat startling. An ordinary mortal, at least, cannot help smiling at a picture in which Goethe is likened to a stork, and, as if anything were wanting to the impression of grotesque incongruity, likened to a female stork, too. In the sequel of Mazzini's essay there is much also open to strong contradiction and criticism. Still, the essay as a whole is well worth reading. It may be expected, as a matter of course, that Mazzini, the prophet of young Europe and of free and united Italy, should be strongly biased in favour of Byron, the falcon braving the storm, the Carbonaro, the liberator of Greece. At the same time, his appreciation of Goethe goes deeper than one would anticipate from the rather unfortunate introduction I have quoted ; while, whatever objections may be urged, the parallel he proceeds to draw between the two poets shows a largeness of view rarely met with in literary criticism.

Goethe and Byron, according to Mazzini, were the chief representatives of the last great period of poetry, very different, but still supplementary of one another. Both did not initiate but sum up. They were the incarnations of an entire epoch of European history before its decease ; "the last effort and result of a society founded on the principle of individuality." Individual liberty, however, great and important as it is, is not the principal problem to be solved, the problem being rather "the harmonisation of liberty with association". As it was, Goethe, in Mazzini's opinion, expressed the objective, Byron the subjective, form of that individuality. Byron's Ego aspires to rule the world, to exercise on it the Titanic force of its will. He



hates it, because it is a decaying world, without any ideal vitality. He sings a funeral hymn of that world, proudly holds himself aloof from it, as do most of his heroes. But he is not happy in this solitude ; he seems to drag the links of the chains he has broken. He has not realised the conception of humanity, or his own place between the past and the future. He sings the emptiness of the life and death of solitary individuality.

Goethe too felt the evil and falsehood of the world around him ; but, according to his critic, he gave utterance to those feelings only in *Werther* and *Faust*. Afterwards he attained the calm, not of victory, but of indifference. The man was lost in the artist. "In him there was no subjective life, no unity springing either from heart or head. Goethe is an intelligence that receives, elaborates, and reproduces the poetry flowing on him from all external objects, from all points of the circumference, to him as centre. He dwells aloft alone, a mighty watcher in the midst of creation. His curious scrutiny investigates, with equal penetration and equal interest, the depths of the ocean and the calyx of the floweret. Whether he studies the rose exhaling its fragrance to the sky, or the ocean casting its countless wrecks upon the shore, the brow of the poet remains equally calm ; to him they are but two forms of the beautiful, two subjects for art."

Nor is Mazzini ready to admit that those were right who described Goethe as a Pantheist, because, in his opinion, he was really devoid of any feeling or comprehension of the life of the universe in its divine unity. Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, he is persuaded, had more of Pantheism, than Goethe. "He is the poet of details, not of unity ; of analysis, not of synthesis." He has felt everything, but he has never felt the whole. He could not, because he had no feeling for humanity. He remained cold when Germany rose against the oppressor, and saw in the French Revolution only the subject for a farce. In his work of "second creation,"—for it cannot be denied that such it was—"he stopped short before the seventh day. God withdrew from him before that time. His creatures are dumb and prayerless. His altar is spread with the choicest flowers, the most exquisite perfumes, the first-fruits of nature, but the priest is wanting.



He is the poet of Pagan Polytheism, not of Pantheism. The Mosaic heaven, and the Christian, are veiled to him." The result, therefore, was a passive calm and indifference, "that moral suicide of some of the noblest energies of genius." At last he fled from Europe, which had become too agitated for him, to the quiet, unhistoric East.

But different as Goethe and Byron were, they supplement one another. The last great poets of individuality, they arrived, Goethe, at the egotism of indifference; Byron, at the egotism of despair—a double sentence on the epoch which it was their mission to represent and to close. "Goethe has written its history; Byron has graven its epitaph."

"And now", Mazzini exclaims in conclusion, "farewell to Goethe and Byron! Farewell, a long farewell, to all poetry which, in an age where there is so much to *do*, teaches us inactive contemplation; or which, in a world where there is so much need of devotedness, would instil despair. Welcome to the poetry of the future, of humanity! though that does not imply forgetfulness of, or irreverence towards, the great men of the past. For when Goetheism and Byronism have long disappeared, Goethe and Byron will still hold their honoured places in the Pantheon of the true believer."

Eventually, he thinks, Goethe may obtain more admiration as an artist, while Byron certainly will inspire more love as a man and a poet. That Byron at least foresaw the future is proved by his definition of poetry as "the feeling of a former world and of a future"; and, whatever his faults, he atoned for them by dying for Greece, and by the powerful impulse he gave to modern European thought and democracy.

Now, I am far from wishing to dispute the pre-eminent merits here claimed for Lord Byron; on the contrary, I have no hesitation in confessing myself an ardent admirer of his genius, in spite of all his faults. But I cannot subscribe, without considerable limitations, to Mazzini's judgment on Goethe. Notwithstanding the undoubted comprehensiveness of view by which his essay is characterised, he seems to me to deliver himself rather as a partisan than as a judge. To deny to Goethe a feeling for and an insight into what is called Pantheism and



Humanity, seems to me to deny to him the very qualities which are most generally thought to constitute essential elements of his greatness; nor do I think that the grand calmness and self-possession to which he attained after severe mental struggles can be justly described as "the egotism of indifference". Mazzini, to mention only one thing, seems to have overlooked entirely the confessions of faith contained in the first and the second parts of *Faust*. For, if ever powerful and beautiful expression was given by a poet to pantheistic feeling, it was by Goethe in the first two monologues of Faust in his study, in Faust's monologue in the forest, and in his answer to Gretchen's question about his religion. While, as regards his feeling for humanity, what could be clearer than the relevancy of the last two acts of the second part of *Faust*, and, more particularly, of Faust's great concluding speech, in which he anticipates the highest bliss in the vision of a planet where all work together for the common welfare, in the vision of himself standing with a free people on a free soil? The limits of time forbid my following up this line of thought any further; but I could not refrain from entering a protest against a view of Goethe's character which I, for one, consider erroneous, if going beyond the position taken up by him towards occurrences of contemporaneous political history. I am only surprised that Mazzini did not so much as allude to two later poets who, one cannot help thinking, must have gone far towards realising his ideal of the poet of the future: Victor Hugo and Mr. Swinburne. Mazzini's essay, it is true, was first published in 1839, when neither Hugo nor Swinburne had yet appeared in their future character; but there were later editions. It may be, therefore, that, after all, the omission was due to a feeling of the long interval, not of time, but of genius, by which Hugo and Swinburne, notwithstanding their advanced democratic opinions, are, and probably will remain, separated from Goethe and Byron.

Goethe, as he observes himself, in the memorial paper entitled *Lebensverhältnisz zu Byron*, "had his attention attracted to the great talent of the noble lord almost from his earliest appearance, and uninterruptedly watched the progress of his mind throughout the great works which he unceasingly produced."



But the first link in the chain marking the really personal relations between him and Byron was his criticism of Byron's *Manfred*. Published in the periodical *Kunst und Alterthum*, this criticism of Goethe's reached Byron at Ravenna, in May 1820, and, as will be seen from the following letters, at once threw him into a state of pleasurable excitement. "A German named Rupprecht", he writes on May 25th, 1820, to his friend Hoppner, then English Consul at Venice, "has sent me, heaven knows why, several Deutsche gazettes, of all which I understand neither word nor letter. I have sent you the enclosed to beg you to translate to me some remarks which appear to be Goethe's upon *Manfred*—and if I may judge by *two* notes of *admiration* (generally put after something ridiculous by us), and the word *hypocondrisch*, are anything but favourable. I shall regret this, for I should have been proud of Goethe's good word; but I shan't alter my opinion of him, even though he should be savage. Will you excuse this trouble and do me this favour? Never mind, soften nothing, I am literary proof, having had good and evil said in most modern languages." And on June 7th, 1820, probably after having received Hoppner's answer, he writes to his publisher, John Murray: "Enclosed is something to interest you, to wit, the opinion of *the* greatest man of Germany—perhaps of Europe—upon one of the great men of your advertisements (all 'famous hands', as Jacob Tonson used to say of his ragamuffins), in short, a critique of Goethe's upon *Manfred*. There is the original, an English translation and an Italian one; keep them all in your archives—for the opinions of such a man as Goethe, whether favourable or not, are always interesting, and this the more so, as favourable. His *Faust* I never read, for I don't know German; but Matthew Monk Lewis, in 1816, at Coligny, translated most of it to me *viva voce*, and I was naturally much struck with it; but it was the *Staubach* and the *Jungfrau*, and something else, much more than *Faustus*, that made me write *Manfred*. The first scene, however, and that of *Faustus* are very similar."

It appears from this letter that Lord Byron, with all his admiration for Goethe's *Faust*, was anxious to maintain the originality of his own *Manfred*, though he does not deny that



the former work may have had some influence on the production of the latter. Some remarks occurring in earlier letters of Lord Byron, too, are of interest in connection with this subject, and may here be quoted. On October 12, 1817, soon after the publication of *Manfred*, he writes from Venice to John Murray, with reference to a criticism in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, in which it had been contended that much of what was excellent in *Manfred* had been borrowed from Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*; and also with reference to a critique in the *Edinburgh Review*, in which, while that opinion had been controverted, and the originality of *Manfred* had been maintained, it was suggested that, if any influence could be traced in *Manfred*, it was rather that of the *Prometheus* of Æschylus: "I never read, and do not know that I ever saw, the *Faustus* of Marlowe, and had, and have, no dramatic works by me in English except the recent things you sent me; but I heard Mr. Lewis translate verbally some scenes of Goethe's *Faust* last summer, which is all I know of the history of that magical personage. . . . Of the *Prometheus* of Æschylus I was passionately fond as a boy—indeed, that and the *Medea* were the only ones, except the *Seven before Thebes*, which ever much pleased me. As to the *Faustus* of Marlowe I never read, never saw, nor heard of it." And in a letter to Murray, of the 23rd October 1817, he adds, somewhat angrily: "The review of *Manfred* came very safely, and I am much pleased with it. It is odd that they should say (that is, somebody in a magazine whom the *Edinburgh* controverts) that it was taken from Marlowe's *Faust*, which I never read nor saw. An American, who came the other day from Germany, told Mr. Hobhouse that *Manfred* was taken from Goethe's *Faust*. The devil may take both the Faustuses, German and English; I have taken neither."

Very characteristic, too, are some later remarks in Byron's diary, on his acquaintance with German literature and language generally. On January 12, 1821, at "Midnight", after having read an Italian translation of *Grillparzer*—"a devil of a name, to be sure, for posterity, but they *must* learn to pronounce it"—he continues: "I have read nothing of Adolph Müllner's, and much less of Goethe, and Schiller, and Wieland than I could



wish. I only know them through the medium of English, French, and Italian translations. Of the *real* language I know absolutely nothing—except oaths learned from postillions and officers in a squabble! I can *swear* in German potently, when I like—‘Sakrament—Verfluchter—Hundsfoth’—and so forth! but I have little of their less energetic conversation.”

If, in this respect, Lord Byron was at some disadvantage in comparison with Goethe, who understood English perfectly, yet his instincts as a poet supplied many of the deficiencies inseparable from the reading of mere translations. On the other hand, though eager to defend the originality of *Manfred*, he could not but feel flattered by the admiring acknowledgment of his genius in Goethe’s article. “Byron’s tragedy *Manfred*”, says Goethe, “was to me a wonderful phenomenon, and one which closely touched me. This singular intellectual poet has taken my *Faust* to himself, and has extracted from it the strangest nourishment for his hypochondriac humour. He has made use of the leading principles in his own way for his own purposes, so that not one remains the same, and it is just on this account that I cannot sufficiently admire his genius. This transformation is so complete, that it would be an interesting task for the critic to point out not only the alterations made, but their degree of resemblance with, or dissimilarity to, the original; though I cannot deny that the lurid glow of an unbounded and exuberant despair at last becomes oppressive. Yet the dissatisfaction we feel is always connected with high esteem and admiration.” The rest of Goethe’s review details an adventurous story, one of the many then current with regard to Lord Byron, tending to show that the fiction of Astarte in *Manfred* had some real foundation in a romantic incident during Lord Byron’s life in Florence. In conclusion, he gives a translation of *Manfred*’s monologue, beginning, “We are the fools of time and terror”, which he recommends as a fine specimen to the lovers of dramatic recitation, and which, in his opinion, surpasses in intensity the monologue of Hamlet himself.

It was not long before Lord Byron gave expression to the pleasurable feelings aroused in him through Goethe’s remarks on *Manfred*, by dedicating to Goethe a work which he had com-



pleted soon after, the drama *Marino Faliero*. Owing to some cause now enveloped in obscurity, Byron's letter of dedication was not prefixed to the drama, nor did it reach Goethe till ten years later (1831), when he received it from the hands of John Murray, junior, on the occasion of Murray's visit to Weimar. A copy, however, dated 17th August 1820, was printed in Thomas Moore's *Life of Byron*; and, judging from this version of the manuscript, it does not seem unlikely that Lord Byron, on second thoughts, may have countermanded its publication. Thomas Moore not inaptly describes Byron's letter of dedication as "written in the poet's most whimsical and mocking mood"; and though these epithets mainly apply to certain discursive remarks on English authors with which it sets out, yet Byron may have felt that the tone and mood in which part of it, at any rate, was written, did not quite correspond with his real sentiments. The letter is too long to be quoted in its entirety; but some passages have too special a bearing on the relations between Byron and Goethe to be omitted. Amongst others, Byron takes exception to a remark of Goethe's, according to which the predominant character of English poetry at that time "was a disgust and contempt for life". "I rather suspect", he observes, "that by one single work of *prose* you yourself have excited a greater contempt for life than all the English volumes of poesy that were ever written. Madame de Staël says, that 'Werther has occasioned more suicides than the most beautiful woman'; and I really believe that he has put more individuals out of this world than Napoleon himself, except in the way of his profession. Perhaps, illustrious Sir, the acrimonious judgment passed by a celebrated Northern journal" (the *Edinburgh Review*) "upon you in particular and the Germans in general, has rather indisposed you towards English poetry as well as criticism. But you must not regard our critics, who are at bottom good-natured fellows, considering their two professions—taking up the law in court and laying it down out of it. No one can more lament their hasty and unfair judgment in your particular than I do; and so I expressed myself to your friend Schlegel, in 1816, at Coppet." "My principal object in addressing you", Byron continues, "was to testify



my sincere respect and admiration of a man who, for half a century, has led the literature of a great nation, and will go down to posterity as the first literary character of his age. You have been fortunate, Sir, not only in the writings which illustrate your name, but in the name itself, as being sufficiently musical for the articulation of posterity. In this you have the advantage of some of your countrymen, whose names would perhaps be immortal also—if anybody could pronounce them. It may, perhaps, be supposed by this apparent tone of levity that I am wanting in intentional respect towards you; but this will be a mistake. I am always flippant in prose. Considering you, as I really and warmly do, in common with all your own, and with most other nations, to be by far the first literary character which has existed in Europe since the death of Voltaire, I felt and feel desirous to inscribe to you the following work—not as being either a tragedy or a poem (for I cannot pronounce upon its pretensions to be either one or the other, or both, or neither), but as a mark of esteem and admiration from a foreigner to the man who has been hailed in Germany ‘The Great Goethe’.”

In reading this epistle one is reminded of the fact that Lord Byron, at the time, did not only write *Marino Faliero*, but was also engaged on *Don Juan*, some of both the playful and the serious vein of which work is sufficiently discernible in his dedication. But what were his real feelings for Goethe, and that he had by no means renounced his intention of giving public expression to them, was proved in the course of the following year by his dedication of *Sardanapalus*, in terms which do honour to both poets alike. As now prefixed to this drama, Byron’s dedication of *Sardanapalus* to Goethe runs as follows: “To the illustrious Goethe a stranger presumes to offer the homage of a literary vassal to his liege lord, the first of existing writers, who has created the literature of his own country and illustrated that of Europe. The unworthy production which the author ventures to inscribe to him is called *Sardanapalus*.”

Goethe, in his final paper on Byron, already quoted above, adds the interesting information that, even then, Byron had



sent him through travelling countrymen many a friendly greeting. "After that", he continues, "I was surprised by receiving a manuscript dedication of the tragedy *Sardanapalus*, expressed in the most complimentary terms, and with the obliging inquiry whether it might be prefixed to that drama. The German poet, who, at his advanced age, was well enough acquainted with himself and his works, could only gratefully and modestly consider this dedication as the expression of a noble, generous, inexhaustible mind, creating its objects for itself; nor did he feel dissatisfied when, owing to various delays, *Sardanapalus* was printed without such preface, and felt happy enough in the possession of a lithographed facsimile, which he considered a most precious memorial." In later editions of *Sardanapalus*, however, the dedication to Goethe *was* printed; and, two years after Byron's death, Eckermann, in his conversations with Goethe, notes, as an event of high interest to his venerable friend, the arrival of the original of the dedication in Byron's handwriting.

*Sardanapalus* was published in 1821, and during the same year Goethe rendered another proof of his intense admiration of Byron's genius by his notice, in *Kunst und Alterthum*, of the opening cantos of *Don Juan*. After giving a translation of the first six stanzas of the first canto, he says: "*Don Juan* is an immensely original and powerful work: misanthropical to the bitterest savageness, tender to the depth of sweetest love; and, as we have come to understand and appreciate the author—nor do wish him other than he is—we gratefully enjoy what he ventures to bring before us with such unbounded audacity, nay, with such utter recklessness. The technical treatment of the verse, too, is quite in accordance with the strange, wild, relentless contents. The poet spares the language as little as the men; and when we examine his work more closely we find that English poetry is in possession of what German poetry has never yet attained: a classically elegant comic style." After some further remarks on this subject, Goethe recommends all talented German translators to try their skill at a translation of *Don Juan*, from which, in his opinion, much might be advantageously learned, and concludes: "If we are blamed for acting unjustifiably in recommending the translation of such a work,



and endeavouring to make a loyal, quiet, well-to-do nation acquainted with the most immoral production in the whole range of poetry, we answer that such attempts at translation need not necessarily be destined for publication, but may well have their value as an exercise for men of talent, who may then discreetly employ what they have learned by this exercise, to the satisfaction of those speaking the same language. And looking more closely into the matter, we really do not perceive any likelihood of our virtue's sustaining serious damage by the publication of such poems, since poets and romancers must behave strangely indeed to be more pernicious than the daily papers which lie on every table."

There is no evidence to show that Byron became acquainted with this fresh proof of Goethe's eager as well as discriminating admiration of his genius; though, judging from the way in which the criticism on *Manfred* came into his hands, it may reasonably be assumed that, by some means or other, he also received that on *Don Juan*. Perhaps the same obliging Mr. Rupprecht, otherwise unknown to fame, sent him a copy of the number of *Kunst und Alterthum* from which I have quoted. However this may be, it is an undoubted fact that Byron continued the interchange of friendly messages by dedicating "To the Illustrious Goethe, by one of his humblest admirers", his tragedy of *Werner*, in the beginning of 1822. From Goethe's conversations with Eckermann it is evident that a copy of *Werner* must have reached him not long after its publication. It pleased him, independently of personal considerations, as marking a progress in the poetical career of his friend, being, as he said, "less gloomy and misanthropical than his former works."

Further proofs of Lord Byron's continued interest in the great personality of Goethe are furnished by his conversations with Captain Medwin, which occurred during his stay at Pisa, in 1822. "The Germans, and I believe Goethe himself", Lord Byron is reported to have observed to Medwin on one occasion, "consider that I have taken great liberties with *Faust*. All I know of that drama is from a sorry French translation, from an occasional reading or two in English of parts of it by Monk Lewis,



when at Diodati, and from the Harzmountain-scene, which Shelley versified the other day. Nothing I envy him" (*i.e.*, Shelley), "so much as to be able to read that astonishing production in the original. As to originality, Goethe has too much sense to pretend that he is not under obligations to authors, ancient and modern. Who is not? You tell me that the plot is almost entirely Calderon's. The *fête*, the scholar, the argument about the Logos, the selling himself to the fiend and afterwards denying his power, his disguise as a plumed cavalier, the enchanted mirror—are all from Cyprian. Then the vision is not unlike Marlowe's, in his *Faustus*. The bed-scene is from *Cymbeline*; the song or serenade a translation of Ophelia's in *Hamlet*; and, more than all, the prologue is from Job, which is the first drama in the world, and perhaps the oldest poem. I had an idea of writing a *Job*, but I found it too sublime."

This seems a pretty complete revenge for Goethe's remarks concerning the obligations under which Byron's *Manfred* was to Goethe's *Faust*; but Goethe, while denying that he had been acquainted with, or thought of, "all the glorious productions mentioned by Byron", when he wrote his *Faust*, took the observations of his famous critic in the best of humours, as embodying a philosophy of which he had always been free to confess himself a disciple. "Walter Scott", he observed to Eckermann, "made use of a scene in my *Egmont*, and he was right in doing so; and because he did it well, he is deserving of praise. Lord Byron's *Transformed Devil* is a continuation of Mephistopheles, and that is right too. If he had wished to avoid this, from a whim of originality, he would have had to do it worse. Thus my Mephistopheles sings a song of Shakespeare's, and why should he not? Why should I take the trouble to invent another, if Shakespeare's was the right one, and if it expressed exactly what I intended to say? Though, therefore, the exposition of my *Faust* may be somewhat similar to that of Job, that also is quite right, and I ought to be rather praised than blamed for it."

Another passage from Medwin likewise deserves quotation, though it shows a misapprehension of Goethe's career as an author, which one cannot note without a smile. "I have", says



Byron, "a great curiosity about everything relating to Goethe, and please myself with thinking there is some analogy between our characters and writings. So much interest do I take in him that I offered to give £100 to any person who would translate his memoirs for my own reading. Shelley has sometimes explained parts of them to me. He seems to be very superstitious, and is a believer in astrology, or rather was, for he was very young when he wrote the first part of his life. I would give the world to read *Faust* in the original."

In 1823, the year following Lord Byron's conversations with Medwin, occurred the remarkable and touching incidents in the intercourse between the two poets related by Goethe in his memorial paper, and which I cannot do better than give in his own words: "It will be readily believed", Goethe says, after having alluded to the dedication to him of Lord Byron's *Werner*, "when so un hoped-for an honour was conferred on the German poet—an honour seldom experienced in life from a man so highly distinguished—that he also prepared himself to speak out with clearness and emphasis on the high esteem and the sympathetic feelings with which his unsurpassed contemporary had inspired him. But the task seemed great and ever greater the more it was contemplated; for what can one say of a man whose merits cannot be exhausted by reflections or words? When, therefore, a young gentleman, Mr. Stirling, of pleasing person and excellent character, travelled in the spring of 1823, straight from Genoa to Weimar, bringing a few lines from the hand of the great man as an introduction; and when, soon after, it was rumoured that the noble lord was about to direct his great mind and his manifold powers to deeds of lofty daring beyond the sea, there appeared to be no time left for further delay, and the following lines were hastily written:

“ ‘ Ein freundlich Wort kommt, eines nach dem andern,  
Von Süden her und bringt uns frohe Stunden;  
Es ruft uns auf, zum Edelsten zu wandern,  
Nicht ist der Geist, doch ist der Fusz gebunden.

“ ‘ Wie soll ich dem, den ich so lang begleitet,  
Nun etwas Traulich's in die Ferne sagen?  
Ihm, der sich selbst im Innersten bestreitet,  
Stark angewohnt, das tiefste Weh zu tragen.



“ ‘ Wohl sei ihm doch, wenn er sich selbst empfindet !  
 Er wage selbst, sich hochbeglückt zu nennen  
 Wenn Musenkraft die Schmerzen überwindet ;  
 Und wie ich ihn erkannt, mög’ er sich kennen ’

“ These verses”, Goethe continues, “ reached Genoa, but the excellent friend to whom they were addressed had already sailed away, as it seemed, to an inaccessible distance. Driven back, however, by storms, he landed at Leghorn, where this cordial message reached him just in time for him to be able to answer it, before his departure on the 24th of July 1823, by a letter full of pure and noble feeling, which the possessor has preserved among his most precious documents, as the worthiest testimony of a worthy connection.”

Lord Byron’s letter runs as follows :—

“ ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,—I cannot thank as you ought to be thanked for the lines which my young friend, Mr. Sterling, sent me of yours ; and it would but ill become me to pretend to exchange verses with him who, for fifty years, has been the undisputed sovereign of European literature. You must, therefore, accept my most sincere acknowledgments in prose—and in hasty prose, too ; for I am at present on my voyage to Greece once more, and surrounded by hurry and bustle, which hardly allow a moment even to gratitude and admiration to express themselves. I sailed from Genoa some days ago, was driven back by a gale of wind, and have since sailed again and arrived here (Leghorn) this morning, to receive on board some Greek passengers for their struggling country. Here also I found your lines and Mr. Sterling’s letter ; and I could not have had a more favourable omen, a more agreeable surprise, than a word of Goethe, written by his own hand. I am returning to Greece, to see if I can be of any little use there. If ever I come back I will pay a visit to Weimar, to offer the sincere homage of one of the many millions of your admirers.

“ I have the honour to be, ever and most, your obliged,

“ NOEL BYRON.”

As events were fated to be there could not, on Lord Byron’s part, have been a more fitting, a more satisfactory, and, one may say, a more dramatic conclusion to the story of his personal relations with Goethe than this letter. Only ten months later he lay dead at Missolonghi, and during the interval, engaged as he was in his noble enterprise of promoting the liberation of Greece, no further exchange of friendly messages between him



and Goethe could take place. But there is evidence to prove that he continued to live as much as ever in Goethe's affectionate remembrance. The year 1823 is marked in Goethe's life by the beginning of his conversations with Eckermann, and these conversations, invaluable as contributions to the knowledge of Goethe's inner and outer life during his latter years, are full of references to the warm interest he did not cease to take in everything connected with Lord Byron; indeed, excepting Schiller and Napoleon, I do not think that any other person is so frequently referred to in those conversations as Byron. In October 1823 Eckermann notes that Goethe strongly recommended him to learn English, "especially for the sake of Lord Byron, whose personality was of such eminence as there had not been before, nor was likely to appear again." A month later (16th November 1823) Goethe allowed Eckermann to read in manuscript his famous *Elegie von Marienbad*, in the exceptionally passionate expressions of which Eckermann thought he recognised some influence of Lord Byron, "which", he adds, "Goethe did not deny." In the beginning of December the promised and hoped-for visit of Lord Byron at Weimar is mentioned as a subject of animated conversation. About the same time Goethe read Byron's *Cain*, and a little later he wrote his criticism of that work, which appeared in *Kunst und Alterthum* early in 1824. This criticism, the last he published of any of Byron's works, is once more full of admiration of Byron's genius. "After", Goethe begins, "I had listened for nearly a year to the most extraordinary remarks of others on this work, I at last took it in hand myself, when it excited in me feelings of astonishment and admiration; an effect which all that is good, beautiful, and great must produce on an unprejudiced, receptive mind." In his opinion, Lord Byron, if he wanted to write a *Cain*, could not have treated the subject differently from what he had done. "The far-glancing insight of the poet," he continues, "which, beyond all precedent, penetrates the past and the present, and, in their train, the future, too, has opened up new regions to his unbounded talent." The scene in which Abel is killed, he thinks wonderfully planned and carried out, "and what follows is equally great and invaluable."



One cannot help regretting that this panegyric was published too late to come under Byron's eyes. That his sudden and early death was deeply felt by Goethe, cannot be doubted, though it is somewhat surprising to find no reference to it in his conversations with Eckermann. But he did say what he felt in his memorial paper, "Lebensverhältnisz zu Byron", which was first published in Medwin's *Conversations*, and must, therefore, have been written soon after the death of Byron had become known in Germany. Having referred to the letter Lord Byron had addressed to him from Leghorn, Goethe continues: "Touching and delightful, and exciting the most joyful anticipations, as such a letter could not but be, it has now acquired the greatest, though most mournful value, from the untimely death of the noble writer, which adds for us a peculiar edge to the grief generally felt throughout the intellectual and poetical world at his loss; for we were warranted in hoping that, when his great deeds should have been achieved, we might personally have greeted in him the pre-eminent intellect, the happily-acquired friend, and the most humane of victors. But now we are comforted by the conviction that his countrymen will at last recover from that violence of invective and reproach which has been so long raised against him, and will learn to understand that the husks and the dross of the age and the individual, through which even the best have to work their way to freedom, are but perishable and transient, while the extraordinary fame to which he has exalted his country, in the present and for the future, is as boundless in its glory as it is incalculable in its results. Surely, that nation which may boast of so many great names, will place him in transfigured form among those on whom its own honour will always depend."

Noble words of one great poet to write about another! And this was by no means the last homage paid by Goethe to Byron. Again and again he returns to him in his conversations with Eckermann, as to a subject which to him evidently was of inexhaustible interest. Not that he overlooked the faults and weaknesses of his great contemporary, but in his own eyes they were far outshone by his virtues. In February 1825, Eckermann records a long conversation with Goethe which, almost exclusively,



turned on Byron. "What I call invention", Goethe remarked, "never appeared greater to me in any man in the world than in him. The way in which he unties the knot of a drama is always beyond expectation, and better than one had imagined." On the other hand, he expresses his astonishment that Byron, who never submitted to, or cared for, any law, "should have submitted to that most stupid law of the three unities." And yet he cannot help thinking that there was something becoming in the limitations which Byron, with a disposition continually tending towards the boundless, imposed on himself by his observation of that law. "If only", he goes on, "Byron had also understood to keep within limits in the moral sphere. That he was unable to do this, was his ruin, and one may say with truth that he perished by his licentiousness. He was too much in the dark concerning himself. He went on living passionately at random, and did not know nor consider what he was doing. Permitting himself everything, and approving of nothing in other people, he could not but spoil his own life and stir up the world against him. This reckless mode of life drove him away from England, and would, in course of time, also have driven him away from Europe. In spite of boundless personal liberty, he felt confined everywhere; the world was a prison to him. Even his going to Greece was no voluntary resolution; it was his dissatisfaction with the world which impelled him to go. Besides, this ceaseless opposition and disapproval produced a bad effect, too, on his works, splendid as they are. For not only does the discontent of the poet communicate itself to the reader, but all polemical activity tends towards the negative, and the negative is nothing. If I call the bad, bad, not much is gained; but if I call the good, bad, a great deal of damage is done. He who wants to work well must not abuse, must not trouble himself about the perverse, but always do that which is good. For the important thing is not to pull down, but to build up something in which mankind can feel a pure joy."

A more profound and just criticism of the dark side in Lord Byron's nature could not be expressed in fewer words than these. But Goethe's mind was too comprehensive and too sympathetic to allow these considerations more than their



proper weight. They never obscured his insight into, or his admiring regard for, the great qualities and the fascinating genius of the poet. In June 1825, he mentions in a letter to his old friend Heinrich Meyer, that lately he had been principally occupied with some English works on Greek affairs, "before, with, and after Byron, whereby he had gained an insight into the state of matters there". In March 1826, Eckermann relates: "Goethe was to-day at dinner in the brightest, cheeriest mood. A document to which he attaches the greatest value had to-day come into his hands—Lord Byron's manuscript of his dedication of *Sardanapalus*. He showed it to us at dessert, and at the same time urged his daughter to let him have back Byron's letter from Genoa. 'You see, dear child,' he said, 'I have now collected everything connected with my relations to Byron. Even this memorable paper, strangely enough, reaches me to-day, and nothing is wanting now but that letter'." But the amiable worshipper of Byron, far from consenting to her father's request, not only refused to part with Lord Byron's letter, but even proposed that Goethe should give her the manuscript of the dedication as well, when she would engage to preserve the two. "Goethe", continues Eckermann, "was still less willing to do this, and the graceful dispute went on for some time, till it gave way to a general animated conversation." After dinner Eckermann remained alone with Goethe. The latter then went to his study, from which he returned with a red portfolio, beckoned Eckermann to the window, and showed him the contents: Byron's letter from Leghorn, the printed copy of his dedication, Goethe's poem addressed to him, and the paper written by Goethe for Medwin's *Conversations*. "Only the letter from Genoa", he repeated, "is wanting; but she will not let me have it back." A conversation about Byron followed. "Goethe", says Eckermann, "was on this occasion quite full of Byron, and poured forth the most interesting remarks on him, on his works, and his talent. 'The English,' he said, amongst others, 'may think of Byron what they like. So much is certain, that they cannot show any poet who could be compared to him. He is different from all the others and in most respects greater'."



Similar expressions crop up in more than one subsequent conversation. In November 1826 Eckermann reports: "Goethe to-day again spoke with admiration about Lord Byron. 'I have', he said, 'read once more his *Deformed Transformed*, and can only say that his talent appears to me ever greater. His devil has his origin in my Mephistopheles, but he is no imitation; everything is thoroughly original and new, and everything is terse, able, and full of spirit. There is not a passage in the whole piece that is weak, not room enough to put a pin's head in, where you do not meet with invention and spirit. If it were not for his hypochondriacal and negative mood, he would be as great as Shakespeare and the ancients.' I," remarks Eckermann, "was surprised to hear this. 'Yes,' said Goethe, you may believe me. I have studied him anew, and must concede this to him more than ever'."

But it is unnecessary to multiply instances analogous to those already quoted. Long before the above remarks were made, Goethe had given the most signal proof of his profound regard for Lord Byron by immortalising the memory of the personal relations which had subsisted between them in the creation of the character of "Euphorion" in the third act of the second part of *Faust*. From what he intimated to Eckermann in July 1827, he had previously planned the close of that act in quite a different fashion; but the events connected with Byron and Missolonghi made him readily give up his former intentions. "As a representative of the most recent period of poetry," he observed, "I could make use of no one except him, who, without doubt, must be considered the greatest talent of the century. And besides, Byron is neither antique nor romantic, but he is like the present day itself. That was the kind of man I required, independently of which he also fitted in with my views on account of his discontented spirit, and his warlike tendency, by which he perished at Missolonghi."

To enter more fully on the famous episode of Euphorion, the son of Faust and Helena, would be to open up a new subject. It was my intention to set forth the story of the personal relations between Goethe and Lord Byron, and a simple reference to Goethe's well-known posthumous tribute to his departed



friend will, I think, form the most fitting conclusion to this sketch. Only one exception I should like to permit myself to this abstention from detailed reference to Euphorion, by quoting the dirge intoned by the chorus after Euphorion's death. Euphorion falls and sinks from his Icarus flight, and in disappearing calls out from the deep :

“Leave me here, in the gloomy void,  
Mother, not thus alone—”

to which the chorus answers :

“Not alone ! where'er thou bidest,  
For we know thee what thou art.  
Ah ! if from the day thou hidest,  
Still to thee will cling each heart.  
Scarce we venture to lament thee,  
Singing envious of thy fate ;  
For in storm and sun were lent thee  
Song and courage, fair and great.

“Ah ! for earthly fortune fashioned,  
Strength was thine and proud descent :  
Early erring, o'er-impassioned,  
Youth, alas ! was from thee rent.  
For the world thine eye was rarest,  
All the heart to thee was known,  
Thine were loves of women fairest,  
And a song thy very own.

“Yet thou rankest uncontrolledly  
In the net the fancies draw,  
Thus thyself divorcing boldly  
As from custom, so from law.  
Till the highest thought expended  
Set at last thy courage free :  
Thou wouldst win achievement splendid,  
But it was not given to thee.

“Unto whom, then ? Question dreary,  
Destiny will never heed,  
When in evil days and weary  
Silently the people bleed.  
But new songs shall still elate them :  
Bow no longer and deplore !  
For the soil shall generate them,  
As it has done heretofore.”



## GOETHE ON THE ENGLISH STAGE.

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[The following details were given by Mr. Heinemann in a Paper read by him before the Society on the 15th of June 1887.]

FAUST is the only one of Goethe's plays that has up to the present time been produced before an English audience, not counting, of course, one or two attempts of German actors to play Goethe in the original on an English stage. It is, however, astonishing that a version of Goethe's *Faust*, distorted so as barely to be recognised, was actually publicly performed at Drury Lane during the poet's lifetime, as far back as 1825, four years previous to the first German performance under Klingemann's management at Brunswick. *Faustus*, a romantic drama by George Soane, the author of an analysis of the First Part of *Faust*, illustrative of Retzsch's celebrated outline illustrations, was a wild spectacular play, which, descriptive of its nature, probably was renamed, after the first performance, *The Devil and Dr. Faustus*.

Grattan's fantastic *Faust; or, the Demon of the Drachenfels*, was produced at Sadler's Wells on September 5th, 1842, but met with small success. I mention this merely *en passant*, for Grattan's play has little if any connection with Goethe's, and is a feeble and watery continuation rather than an adaptation of our *Faust*. The appearance of Faust's father is novel, and adds to the confusion which reigns supreme throughout the three acts which make up this singular dramatic medley.

In 1859 Charles Kean produced an English version of Carré's miserable stage-adaptation, which subsequently formed the basis of Gounod's opera. The success was tremendous, and although the critics were at variance as to the "moral and religious tendency of this singular drama," yet, as we are told, the public poured in crowds to see a "beautiful and original exhibition." But even this production could hardly claim to be a representation of Goethe's *Faust*, Charles Kean himself



announcing it as *Faust and Marguerite, a magical drama, adapted from the French.*

In 1864 *Faust and Marguerite*, a farce by F. C. Burnand, was acted at the St. James's Theatre. Founded to a great extent on Gounod's opera, it is worth mentioning as the first of a series of travesties of *Faust* which have since periodically taken possession of one or the other of the London stages. The most remarkable of these was perhaps Halford's grand operatic extravaganza *Faust and Marguerite; or, the Devil's Draught*, which drew crowded houses at Drury Lane for several months in 1866. Earlier in the same year Chatterton had produced a stage-version of *Faust* by Boyle Bernard, and this was undoubtedly the first serious attempt made to introduce Goethe's play to the English public. The translation was fairly good, and the adapter had followed the original as closely as the three hours at his disposal and the taste of his public would permit. As regards the acting, contemporary critics are full of praise for the way in which the elder and younger Phelps represented Mephistopheles and Faust. But the time had not then arrived for Goethe to be appreciated by the British public. The play was a failure, and ran but a short time. In 1874 Mr. W. S. Gilbert brought out a dramatic poem of his own, founded on the Gretchen tragedy, which had the same fate as the former—a fate, by the way, it fully deserved, for the frivolous way in which its author had allowed himself to handle Goethe's great work. We now come to what critics and the public have pleased to call the Lyceum *Faust*, which has during the last eighteen months held its own at Mr. Irving's theatre, and which undoubtedly would, if circumstances permitted, continue to attract curious crowds for a long time to come. So much has been said for and against Mr. Irving's production, that I shall refrain from further comment. We have all of us seen it, and formed our various opinions. They are divided as to the merits of Mr. Wills's version, but they agree mostly in one respect, viz., in praise for Mr. Irving as the first and foremost pioneer of Goethe on the English stage.

Great indeed has been the boon bestowed by Mr. Irving upon all who are anxious to see Goethe studied and venerated in this



country. His *Faust*—it has been urged—is not the *Faust* of Goethe, but a poor and feeble play, a sickly child resembling its parents only in its vices and its faults. I will not try issue with those who are of opinion that Goethe would never have sanctioned such a performance. Let purists clamour for the ideal representation in which the poet's word is scrupulously followed—they would never have a result to show such as Mr. Irving has attained. I am not alluding to his great "hit" from a business point of view, but I am alluding to the phenomenal interest in Goethe he has aroused in those who have been to the Lyceum. The *Saturday Review* has proved in numbers which are indisputable that there has been in the last eighteen months, during which the Lyceum *Faust* has been running, an unprecedented demand for copies of the various translations. Editions from a penny upwards have commanded a ready sale, and at least one new translation of unequalled merit has appeared. Our newspapers and reviews have abounded in more or less valuable criticism and research, and Goethe's name has figured more prominently before the eye of the English reader than even that of our own Shakespeare.

No more favourable moment than the present one is conceivable to bring the whole of Goethe, his other magnificent works, and more than all, his transcendent philosophic theories prominently before the notice of all thinking Englishmen. As regards his dramatic works, it is curious that other London managers have not been tempted by the success of Mr. Irving's *Faust* to produce other of Goethe's plays. *Goetz von Berlichingen*, *Egmont*, and possibly *Clavigo*, would, in the hands of an intelligent manager, command success, and be appreciated by a public which would rapidly learn to prefer such plays to the vapid and hollow trivialities which are at present dished up for them under the generic title of melodrama. They would have another beneficial influence in driving from the boards of our better theatres the demoralising social drama which we at present borrow from the French. Would that actors and actresses who, in lecturing on the drama, complain of the taste of their audiences, ever eager to discover indelicate suggestions in the plays they witness—would that these actors and actresses,



who pride themselves on their elevated social position, but who do not shrink from acting nightly parts of the most questionable morality, for once turn their eye to the works of Goethe. They would find in plays like *Egmont* or *Goetz von Berlichingen* ample opportunity for displaying their personal abilities and the resources of their scene-painters and stage-managers; they would secure for themselves the gratitude of all who watch with regret the present decadence of the English stage; and they would, I feel sure, reap a golden harvest for their labour. These plays would require but little adaptation, and translations both accurate and full of beauty are at hand. They would, in fact, three or four years ago, well have paved the way for the gigantic *Faust*, which is far less dramatic, and must be, without the Prologue in Heaven and the Second Part, fragmentary and unsatisfactory in its moral, unless the license Mr. Wills has allowed himself in dealing with the final scene be thought to be justified by the exigencies of the modern theatre.

[The conclusion of the paper was devoted to a criticism of the present condition of the English stage, and a suggestion as to the establishment of a theatre suitable for the production of the classic drama, where the complete *Faust* and other of Goethe's plays could be worthily represented.]

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# THE ERDGEIST IN THE FAUST FRAGMENT.

BY THE REV. F. F. CORNISH.

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(Read before the Manchester Goethe Society on November 23rd, 1887.)

THE student of the first part of *Faust* is met on the threshold by the fact that it was not only composed, but even published, in portions, *i.e.*, that whilst we have in the *Faust* of 1808 the work as Goethe finally left it, those parts of it which he published as a *Fragment* in 1790 still remain, embedded in the completed work, in the exact form in which they were first printed and given to the world. Those who have read Mr. Lyster's paper in Vol. ii of the *Proceedings* of the English Goethe Society, or the volume which the late accomplished Wilhelm Scherer published, mainly as a commentary upon Hirzel's *Der Junge Goethe*, will be aware that questions of the highest interest arise respecting the contents and form of the *Faust Fragment* before it took the shape in which Goethe printed it. But now that so much of the text of the original *Faust*, as Goethe took it with him to Weimar, has been recovered and is soon to be published, I have purposely abstained almost entirely from any discussion of Scherer's theory.

Taking as my subject the *Erdgeist* in the *Faust Fragment*, I have dealt with the scenes of the *Fragment* up to the point where Faust and Mephistopheles start on their travels; that is, I have excluded all that now intervenes between Wagner's retirement, after his first conversation with Faust, and the line in the middle of the present Contract Scene—"Und was der ganzen Menschheit zugetheilt ist"—this part of the play having been added by Goethe in 1808. The only allusions to the *Erdgeist* after his first appearance are in the scene *Wald und Höhle*, which formed part of the *Fragment*, and the prose scene



*Trüber Tag*, which was added in 1808, but is apparently of older date; and in relation to these two scenes some account had to be taken of Scherer's theory of their origin. But, with respect to the earlier scenes, I have treated them as belonging (as Goethe reminded Zelter on May 11th, 1820) to the same period as *Satyros* and *Prometheus* (i.e., about 1774), and have tried whether, as thus isolated, and treated simply in connection with Goethe's previous and contemporary writings, I could throw any light upon the questions which arise out of them.

I would observe, then, that one result of this treatment is, that the issues involved are reduced to comparative simplicity. Faust, with whose soliloquy we start, is not the doubly disillusioned man that Goethe made him in his later scenes. He has lived in his study and lecture-room mainly, and knows as little of external nature as he does of the world of human experience. Tired of his dull poring, which leads to nothing, and of teaching which deals with words and not with things, he longs to return to nature, and, with the aid of magic, essays to do so. But what is nature? The first answer to this question comes with the sign of the Macrocosm, and is set aside by Faust as unreal. The second comes with the sign of the *Erdgeist*; and when Faust eagerly presses the Spirit to reveal himself, he does so; and in a third answer, which I call the *Erdgeist's* revelation, sweeps away that which the sign had suggested to Faust. Wagner now breaks in and interrupts the interview, and his pedantic talk gives Goethe an opportunity of allowing Faust to state the objections to the study of literature, which he had no doubt previously held, and which had led him to take refuge in magic.

The views thus stated belong, then, to the time before the play began. Wagner retires, and we suddenly find Faust in full dialogue with Mephistopheles. His remarks follow the same train of thought begun in his conversation with Wagner, so that his attempt to reach physical nature, beginning with the Macrocosm and ending with the revelation of the *Erdgeist*, is of the nature of an episode, though, as it, according to my view, completely closed the physical world against him and threw him back upon the world of man, it is in the *Fragment*



an episode fraught with most momentous consequences. But its episodic character paved the way for Goethe's subsequent treatment of it, when he filled up the great chasm left at this point in the *Fragment* between Wagner's retirement and the appearance of Mephistopheles. With Mephistopheles Faust comes to an understanding that he shall be initiated by him into a course of universal human experience. The student here appears, and is talked to by Mephistopheles dressed in cap and gown, and when Faust is disguised they start, going first to Auerbach's cellar and then to the witch's kitchen. The *Fragment*, therefore, has no prologue either on earth or in heaven, no attempted suicide, no walk on Easter Day into the country, and nothing of the nature of a formal compact between Faust and Mephistopheles.

Before beginning my remarks, which will take the form of a sort of running commentary upon the scenes, I would say a few words first as to Faust's taking to magic. This forms a link between Goethe's *Faust* and the older versions of the story, and has several clearly marked effects in the play. Faust, when he despaired of reaching knowledge by his old methods, might have devoted himself to healthy literary or artistic production; but magic leads him wrong. The essence of magic is privilege—a favoured man; and so Faust approaches external nature in a wrong spirit. His magic wins an answer from the *Erdgeist*; but, that answer being a repulse, he is diverted from approaching nature, as he had been from approaching art, in a healthy, fruitful manner. To magic, directly or indirectly, he no doubt owes his association with Mephistopheles, and this, giving him freedom to please himself, leads directly to the betrayal of Margaret.

Secondly, as to the question how far the Faust of the *Fragment* is Goethe himself. That Goethe used freely his own experiences, that he worked in very freely autobiographical touches, especially in the later additions, and that there is a truth to nature in his details, is admitted on all sides; but, on the other hand, he used his materials freely as an artist would, and followed things out to their consequences. *E.g.*, in *Werther* Goethe seems to assume that instead of beating



a timely retreat from Wetzlar, when he felt his passion for Charlotte mastering him, he had stayed on like a moth hovering round a candle, and works out the probable consequences of the assumption to their bitter end. And so, too, in *Faust*, opinions and feelings are assumed and followed out to their natural ends, whilst the artist himself, by the very process of embodying his ideas in an imaginative form, disengages himself from their influence, and watches as his hero is carried along to his fate. This, therefore, seems to give us the right principle for applying what we know of Goethe's experiences and opinions to the elucidation of *Faust*. Those who read *Wahrheit und Dichtung* in the light of his early letters and writings can form some idea of the tremendous inner workings of those early years, of the questioning and upsetting of beliefs, the conflict of passions, the restless activity and manifold direction of his powers, which, in default of a guide, had to make for themselves the outlet for their own pent-up force.

If I am right in supposing that the Faust of the *Fragment* is a recluse, ignorant alike of the world of nature and of man, we see how small a part of Goethe's own experience would have to be drawn upon to depict him. Goethe himself remarked to Eckermann that "the first part of *Faust* is the product of a somewhat dark state in the individual". In the years in which Goethe was writing *Faust* he was also embodying his artistic ideas and experiences in *Prometheus*, and his ideas of nature in *Satyros*. In *Mahomet* he was working out religious problems, and in *Goetz* and *Werther* problems of life and feeling.

The words "*leider auch Theologie*" mark at once the position which Goethe occupied towards the current views on the highest questions of religion. His change with respect to those specifically Christian may be measured by the ground which he must have traversed from the date of writing his *Höllenfahrt Christi* to that when he could write to Herder (May 1775) in acknowledging his *Aelteste Urkunde des Menschengeschlechts*: "If only the whole doctrine about Christ was not such an unreality (*Scheindung*), which makes me as man, as a limited needy creature (*als eingeschränktes bedürftiges Ding*), furious, the subject (of your book) would be dear to me." With



regard to what might be called natural religion, Goethe's views had by this time, chiefly under Spinoza's influence, undergone a change as great as that which befell astronomy when the sun instead of the earth was taken as the centre. Of this change there are evidences even in the *Fragment*. But in the *Faust Fragment* the highest questions of theology are evaded, though I think they are assumed to be answered in a particular way. Faust has no doubts or scruples, does not fear hell or devil; but the Mephistopheles of the *Fragment* is not a devil proper. He is only a humourist, a purveyor of pleasures and lord of witches. Prometheus hurls defiance at the Lord of Olympus; but we seek in vain for any definite declaration of Faust's relation to the Lord of the Prologue in Heaven. He is simply ignored. Possibly the reason may be found in a remark made by Goethe in *Wahrheit und Dichtung*: "The Titans are the foil (*Folie*) of polytheism, as the devil may be considered the foil of monotheism, though, like the only God to whom he stands in contrast, he is not a poetic figure." This ignoring is carried so far that there is no intimation of how far Faust is right or wrong in practising magic. The atmosphere is as non-religious or non-ecclesiastical as that of Shakespeare's *Tempest*. And I cannot see any support in the *Fragment* for an idea of Scherer's that Goethe at one time intended that Faust should be detected in the practice of magic, and on that account expelled from the University. Goethe, writing to Zelter in November 1829, remarks that, "whereas the Romish Church always dealt with heretics and magicians as belonging to the same class . . . Protestantism freed men from all dread of ecclesiastical penalties. The scene of the story of *Faust* was laid in Wittenberg, and therefore in the heart of Protestantism; for, in all the writings relating to the subject, there is no trace of priestly bigotry."

This simple ignoring of "the Lord" has important effects in the *Fragment*, since, in default of such a Supreme Being, his place had virtually to be taken by the *Erdgeist*; for the God of Faust's confession of faith, made later on to Margaret, was clearly, however poetical, yet in no sense a dramatic figure; and in the end, as we know, Goethe, in having recourse to the



Prologue in Heaven and the Wager, went far to confirm the truth, for dramatic purposes, of Voltaire's well-known saying.

The depth of Faust's theological scepticism crops out, I think, at several points, especially in Mephistopheles's remark to Faust with regard to his teaching:

"Das Beste was du wissen kannst  
Darfst du den Buben doch nicht sagen."

That Goethe should not have thought it desirable to be explicit upon such a subject may well be believed, when we read his letter to Zelter, quoted above, in which he begs him to "be sure not to allow the manuscript of *Prometheus* to become too public, lest it should appear in print. It would be very welcome as a gospel to our revolutionary youth, and the High Commissions of Berlin and Mayence might make a serious face at my youthful caprices." And this after what he calls the "refractory fire" had been, to use his own words, "smouldering for fifty years under the ashes of poetry." Kestner, in a letter quoted in Düntzer's *Life of Goethe*, testifies to his unwillingness to disturb the simple faith of others.

We know as a matter of fact that Goethe had studied philosophy, jurisprudence, and medicine, as well as theology; but Faust's expression of despair of knowing anything, like his disgust at the joyless state to which his *Aufklärung* has brought him, and at having missed the good things of earth, is quite general. Later on, when Mephistopheles puts on Faust's cap and gown and speaks to the student, we hear what we may fairly conclude to have been Goethe's own criticism upon the university teaching of his time and the subjects taught. And I would note that except the sly hit at chemistry, quite in the spirit of Wordsworth saying that "we murder to dissect", the physical sciences are unrepresented, the remarks upon medicine taking the form of a satire upon that variety of the medical practitioner which, with Mr. McLintock, we may call "The Ladies' Doctor". And this is, perhaps, a sort of companion satire to that which Goethe had previously put in the mouth of Mephistopheles, upon what we may call "The Courtly Poet". This also corresponds with what we know of Goethe's experience. Franklin's discovery had set him dabbling in electricity. His



mystico-cabalistic study of alchemy, though it had interested him for the time, and is mentioned in the later additions to *Faust*, had come to an end, and he took, as he tells us in *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, good care not to let Herder hear anything about it. But, beyond these indications of a taste for the subject, there seems to be no evidence that Goethe at this time had reached any conception of the general method of physical research, such as proved so fruitful in later years, and absorbed him to an extent which M. Edmond Scherer considers to have been so detrimental to his poetry. To his pursuit of sculpture, painting, engraving, and physiognomy there is no allusion; and I would also point out that in the *Fragment*, until we get to the scene *Wald und Höhle*, Faust is consistently represented as a recluse, ignorant of the world of nature. We may contrast him in this respect with the Hermit in *Satyros*, who is a dweller in the woods, and we shall see that Faust's language about nature, the meadows, and spirits is quite conventional. The moon he cannot help seeing, for it shines in at his window; but when he speaks of the stars he talks of their courses. Goethe's use of the *Geister* is, I think, in some respects peculiar to himself; but it would take too long to discuss it here. I would only call attention to one more point as bearing upon Faust's dealings with spirits and magic, and that is that Goethe seems to have been early impressed with the phenomena which, in our own day, the Society for Psychical Research has taken as its province. His grandfather, Textor, we know, had given at least one striking instance of his skill in foretelling, by predicting his own elevation to the office of *Schultheiss*; and his diaries were full, Goethe tells us, of similar vaticinations in cipher. Goethe himself, in riding from Sesenheim after taking leave of Frederica, saw, by a sort of second sight, himself in a peculiar suit, and riding in the opposite direction, as he actually did ride eight years later. In his conversation with Eckermann he tells a curious story of his own experience, to illustrate the magnetic or electric attraction which exists between lovers; and adds that at that time—*i.e.*, in the first years of his residence at Weimar—he believed himself surrounded by invisible beings of a higher nature, whom he entreated to direct his beloved's steps to him



and his to her—" Auch glaubte ich mich unsichtbar von höhern Wesen umgeben." The oracle of the many-bladed knife must have been known to some of his friends. That Herder in 1772 should have spoken of Goethe as "den elenden Wahrsager, Naturkenner und Zeichendeuter", shows that his friends were to some extent familiar with these speculations and beliefs (*Aus Goethe's Frühzeit*, p. 46).

Faust longs to escape from his life of dry poring over books, but he is taking a leap in the dark; and what is he to escape to? In one word, to Nature, and the means of his deliverance is to be magic. And what is Nature, and what is Faust's relation to Nature? The answer to this question is not simple, and Faust tries twice before he reaches his final one. The first answer, as I said before, starts from the sign of the Macrocosm, the second from the sign of the Erdgeist, and the third is the revelation of the Erdgeist, with all that it involves.

He starts with the book of Nostradamus to guide him. Düntzer tells us that Nostradamus was a contemporary of the real Faust, and author of a weather almanac (*Witterungs Almanach*) and some prophetic verses. And this gives me occasion to remark that probably nothing but his date and his sounding name led to its being used here. Goethe, in his conversation with Eckermann, claims the right to use freely such material as he may find ready made to serve his purpose; and a letter of Schiller's to Goethe from Jena (April 7th, 1797) so exactly describes what was probably Goethe's own practice, that I am tempted to quote it: "Among the cabalistical and astrological works which I have had from the library here, I also found one entitled *Dialogues on Love*, a translation from the Hebrew into Latin; it not only amused me very much, but has also considerably helped me in my astrological studies. The mixture of the chemical, mythological, and astronomical matter is here made on a grand scale, and is all ready for poetic use. Some strangely ingenious comparisons between the planets and the different members of the human body I shall have copied out for you. One can have no idea of this quaint mode of representation till one hears the author oneself. However, I am not without hopes of being able to give this astrological



matter poetic dignity." Which he accordingly did, I gather, in the well-known scene in *Wallensteins Tod*.

At any rate, we must not hold Goethe too close to historical or any other consistency, for the image of Faust seeking Nature with the aid of Nostradamus's weather almanac reminds one of the description of Carlyle, who sallied forth on horseback to seek a dwelling in the neighbourhood of London with a geological map of England in his pocket. Consequently, when Faust opens the book at the sign of the Macrocosm, I do not think that research into the mystico-cabalistic terminology will help us much to his meaning, or the collation of his expressions and images with those of Giordano Bruno, however interesting in themselves. The keynote of the passage is, I believe, the word "Gott". A god must have written the sign. Faust feels himself a god, but his main concern is with the conception of the world, which formed the complement of such a god and godlike men. The picture of the world and of nature which the sign of the Macrocosm calls up belongs essentially, in spite of modern touches, to the class of which Jacob's vision of the ladder joining earth and heaven, with angels ascending and descending, is the type. Scherer remarks that there is nothing in it inconsistent with modern natural science; but, on the other hand, I would remark that there is nothing inconsistent with primitive Hebrew poetry except that it is couched in more metaphysical language, and thus made more vague and less picturesque. If Scherer is right in identifying Herder as "der Weise" here spoken of by Goethe, it seems probable that it was Herder's adaptation of the primitive picture which Goethe had in view. The theologian's usual mode of dealing with these early, simple imaginations was, in the days of Goethe's youth, to rationalise them, and in that form retain them for purposes of edification, and Goethe, in a review contributed to the *Frankfurter Gelehrte Anzeigen* (*D. J. G.*, ii, 437), expresses his disgust at seeing the pictures of Eastern poetry drowned in a "homiletical deluge".

But Herder breathed new life into these primitive conceptions, not by rationalising, but by humanising them. He dwelt much upon the godlike nature of man. In a certain sense man may



be spoken of as a god. In the work from which the words "Auf Schüler" seem to be a quotation, he treats the account of the Creation in the first chapters of Genesis as a highly-coloured description of a sunrise, and calls upon the scholar to enter into the feeling of the sunrise, and thus realise the force of the ancient narrative.

Be this as it may, this picture of the universe, in which a god-like man might find himself at home, and see with opened eyes the ministries at work around him, is taken up by Faust only to be dismissed. "Welch Schauspiel! Aber ach! ein Schauspiel nur!"

It would be interesting to know how far Goethe was acquainted with Bacon's *Novum Organon*. He speaks in his review of Sulzer (*D. J. G.*, ii, 407) of *Baconische Bilderstürmerei*, which shows that he knew something of Bacon's doctrine of idols; and the objection here raised by Faust is exactly that raised by Bacon to the *Idola Theatri*. Such systems and schemes of things are merely scenic displays within the greater world of reality. They bring us no nearer the "Quellen alles Lebens". This unsubstantial pageant called up by the sign of the Macrocosm having faded, Faust is left face to face with "unendliche Natur"—the physical world, with its boundless space and infinite subtlety. What is the favoured man's relation to it? And I would observe that the introduction of magic and the favoured man gives a peculiar complexion to the question, and makes the answer, when it comes, all the more crushing. Faust expressly makes the common assumption of eighteenth century optimism, that Nature is "a mother kind alike to all", whose breasts are fountains of life. With the theory of final causes, which gave a quasi-philosophical support to the popular notion, he has here nothing to do. The Hermit in *Satyros* (1774), whilst enjoying the beauties of spring, disclaims for himself the opinion of the "Steif' Philister" that it is all intended for man's delight. Rather he will join with the humblest, smallest creatures in their hymn of thanks for what they all enjoy. But Faust has been no dweller in the woods. Whatever he knows of Nature he seems to believe that if he can get upon terms of easy familiarity with her, his relation to her may be that of one who, by nature



and birth a superior person, has yet a great deal in common with her, and may command her powers. He opens the book at the sign of the Erdgeist. This is his second answer to his question. He will bear the joy and woe of earth, *i.e.*, the physical earth, and not tremble among the crashing of the shipwreck. The idea of the dangers of the sea and the fate of those who go down to it in ships has, from the time of the Psalmist, been a typical instance of what man in conflict with Nature may dare and endure. You will remember a later expression of this idea in Byron's famous description of the sea, which may help us to realise the sort of footing upon which Faust hoped to be with Nature. Byron speaks of the sea as "spurning man from its bosom to the skies"—

"And send'st him shivering in thy playful spray  
And howling to his gods, where haply lies  
His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
And dashest him again to earth."

But for himself Byron claims a sort of almost patronising relation to the sea—

"For I was as it were a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane as I do here."

In Byron's case this idea is connected with his morbid contempt for mankind. In Faust's it is to be reached, not by further depressing mankind, but by his own privileged relations to the Erdgeist.

It is not quite easy to follow Faust's train of thought, but a quotation from *Wahrheit und Dichtung* may throw further light upon it. Speaking of his Strasburg period, Goethe says: "We indeed confessed at the same time that we could not withdraw ourselves from the necessities of day and night, the seasons, the influence of climate, physical and animal condition; but nevertheless we felt within us something that appeared like perfect freedom of the will" (*Willkür*). Imagine a young man, who, bent upon freedom, was not prepared to make this confession, or at least hoped to be delivered from these necessities, and you have Faust; and that Goethe in fact, in spite of the feeling of necessity, at times found his youthful spirits, in



their reaction against temporary depression, taking the form of exulting delight in the more violent phenomena of Nature, is evident from the sort of Pindaric Ode called *Wanderers Sturmlied*, in which the wanderer, in the presence of the rain-cloud and the hailstorm, only mounts higher, singing like a lark.

What is the Erdgeist before which, in its garb of flame, Faust cowers? It is, I think, no doubt, Force; the inhuman, immoral aspect of Nature. The generation which had witnessed the earthquake at Lisbon had seen a spectre, which had to be reckoned with in any subsequent theory of Nature and her relation to man, and raising questions which it taxed all its sophistry to answer in a reassuring sense. Goethe's own statement of the case could hardly be improved upon (*F. G. Anzeigen, D. J. G.*, ii, 472, 3), "Does not, then, that which makes unpleasant impressions upon us belong as much to the plan of Nature as that which is most lovely? Are not raging storms, water-floods, fire-rain, subterranean heat, and death in all elements as true evidences of her eternal life as the magnificent sun rising over the swelling vine-hills and the fragrant orange-thicket? What would our author say to our loving Mother Nature if he saw her gulp down into her interior a metropolis which he had built and populated with the help of all beautiful arts?" Since then geology has carried the lesson a step further for us, and shown us in "scarped cliff and quarried stone" the burial-places of a thousand types; but the slow scientific evidence which brings home to us the fact that Nature is "red in tooth and claw with ravine" cannot compare for striking dramatic effect with the great catastrophe of the last century.

Faust, spurred by the spirit's taunts, plucks up fresh courage and proclaims himself the peer of the Erdgeist, who, in reply, describes in the well-known lines his functions in the life of the world.

I remarked before that the language used by Faust respecting Nature is quite conventional, but we may go further and say that it is consistently anthropomorphic, passing in this far beyond his use of the pathetic fallacy in speaking of the moon as "trübsel'ger Freund"; and so, in contrast with the Erdgeist's highly poetical description of his all-pervading force, working



through all the phenomena of Nature, Faust has nothing better to say than

“Der du die weite Welt umschweifst  
Geschäftiger Geist wie nah fühl 'ich mich dir!”

where the idea of an all-pervading force is replaced by the commonplace image of a busy spirit hovering ghost-like about the outside of things. The Erdgeist at once pronounces the decisive words,

“Du gleichst dem Geist, den du begreifst,  
Nicht mir!”

which, if it may be permitted to evaporate their poetry and express the result in prose, is as much as to say, “Not only are you not akin to me, not my peer, but you can form no idea of me and my working, which is not thoroughly human.” And Faust seems to have drawn as a corollary, “If you wish for a familiar spirit to fetch and carry for you, you had better apply to the source from which your race have been used to obtain them.”

Faust, repulsed by the Erdgeist, and cast out from the Garden of Nature, like Adam and Eve from Paradise, is stopped in his career of eager questioning by the knocking of Wagner, who represents in its most soulless pedantic aspect the world which he longs to escape from. (A similar interruption was introduced in Goethe's projected drama, *Mahomet*.) We may contrast with Faust's conventional tentative language, when speaking about external nature, the firm touch with which he treats the questions raised by Wagner. It is evident from Goethe's letters and reviews of the year 1771 and the four or five following years that Faust is here preaching the gospel of the “Sturm und Drang”, which, with Herder as its great inspirer, owed so much to Goethe himself, and was in itself one side of the great turning to Nature which was being carried out in so many departments. And this gospel formed the “blessing” that he, like Jacob wrestling with the angel, was determined, he said, to win from Herder before he let him go. And first there was the recognition of the part borne by the heart or feeling in the production of all great literary works. “Poor man”, writes Goethe to Herder, “to whom the head is everything.” “Thought and



feeling", he learns from Herder, "make the expression" which he admires in the Greeks. Goetz is, Goethe admits, "all only a piece of thinking"—"ist alles nur gedacht". Lessing's *Emilia Galotti* also is only "thought out". Herder's book, he writes in May 1775, "ist eine gefühlte Welt". He had previously said, when working at the *Death of Socrates*, "I have not time to develop this to feeling." This is the predominant note in the conversation with Wagner. It points the sarcasm upon the preacher who had "so little feeling of his business" as to seek instruction in elocution from the actor.

The laborious students who, with a view to imitation, make a study of the style of works which poured originally from the fiery feelings of the writers' hearts, no less than the Scaligers and Casaubons, who spent a life in mastering the whole remains of Greek and Roman literature, that they might be able to bring together the word which required explanation and the one passage which was capable of furnishing it, meet with scarcely better treatment. If, besides thinking ourselves back into the distant ages, we have to feel ourselves into them as well, the task may well seem hopeless. Herder had reproached Goethe with the idea that he could do a thing with a glance—"es ist alles so Blick bei Euch"; and Goethe, in the same spirit, in one of his reviews, ridicules the attempt to discuss in a controversial writing the aims and political principles of Solon and Lycurgus with the same clearness with which an artisan discusses cabinet secrets, the relations of States and their intrigues, over a glass of beer. In such matters, he says, the most deep-feeling spirit can only hope to attain to something of the nature of a boding (*Ahndung*).

Even where the heart and spirit of man are concerned, study will hardly bring us nearer to them, for the few men who have penetrated their secrets have had to keep them to themselves, under pain of crucifixion and burning. There is another side to Herder's teaching, which forms the complement to this exaltation of feeling, and which Goethe himself had firmly grasped, namely, that of the steady, systematic pursuit of artistic and literary production. "It came across me", he writes to Herder, "at Pindar's words, ἐπικρατεῖν δύνασθαι,



when you stand boldly in the chariot, while four fresh horses, wild beyond measure, rear against your reins ; you guide their strength, you pull up the impetuous, and lash down the rearing one ; you gallop on, you guide, you turn and whip and stop, and again speed along, until all sixteen feet in simultaneous tread attain the goal—that is mastery, *ἐπικρατεῖν*, artistic skill ! But I have been walking about everywhere, I have only peeped in everywhere, I have nowhere grasped anything. To grasp and to seize are the essence of all mastery. You have vindicated this in the case of sculpture, and I find that every artist is nothing so long as his hands do not work plastically. ‘Everything is so much a glance with you’, you used often to say to me. Now I understand it ; shut your eyes and grope. It must either succeed or break down. See what sort of a musician he is who keeps looking at his instrument . . . . I might indeed pray like Moses in the Koran, ‘Make me room, O Lord, in my narrow breast.’” I have quoted this long extract, in order to point out that of this side of Herder’s teaching there is no sign in *Faust*. The omission must be intended, and the result of it is to leave Faust with his past studies and acquirements discredited and loathed, and with feeling, and nothing but feeling, to rely upon. In vain, he says to Mephistopheles, has he swept together and gathered all the accumulated treasures of the human soul. No new strength wells from his heart. He is no nearer the infinite.

But the subject of this conversation is introduced in a place to which it does not naturally belong, for it is really a restatement, for Wagner’s benefit, of the grounds which had led Faust, before the date at which the play begins, to break with the humanities. Goethe might have made him take some such course as he himself took under Herder’s guidance ; but he did not. Instead of that, he made him devote himself to magic, a resolve which up to this point has had the positive result of enabling him to learn from the Erdgeist his true relation to physical nature, and the negative one, that it unfitted him to approach physical nature in the guise of a patient learner. Faust had thus, in the words of Mephistopheles, “despised reason and science”—“Verachte nur Vernunft und Wissenschaft”—and it remained to



be seen whither his feeling would lead him. It leads him, in a word, to man and human life, and that such a movement formed a part of Goethe's own wide-reaching return to nature we know well from his writings and letters. In *Goetz von Berlichingen* it takes the form of a passionate siding with the peasantry against the nobles. In *Prometheus* we see the special form of Titanism which declines to share the glories of Olympus, and throws in its lot with mankind. In 1771, Goethe, who was then studying the life of Socrates, tells Herder that he "hopes to be able to soar up to the true religion, in which, instead of the Saint, a great man reveals himself, whom he only (*nur*) presses to his heart with rapture, and exclaims: 'My friend and my brother'." After helping to put out the fire in the Jews' quarter at Frankfort, in July 1774, he writes that he has "again learned to know the common people", and is "again convinced that they are the best men". But, in Faust's case, his pursuit of magic is now to produce its second positive result, in securing him the services of Mephistopheles. Where he springs from, or by whom he is sent, is at this point left uncertain in the *Fragment*. Faust is in full discourse with him when he is first introduced to us. But his coming to Faust is a critical moment in the ethical situation. It makes a similar change in it to that which in the Greek story was made for Gyges when he found the ring which made him invisible at pleasure, and enabled him to relieve his master the king of the troublesome burdens of his wife, his kingdom, and his life; for it removed at one stroke a great part of the physical obstacles to his doing just what he pleased. The additional touch of the witch's potion, which made Faust thirty years younger, and which Goethe added in Italy, just before publication, slopes the way still more to the catastrophe. While Mephistopheles, however, sees his way clearly, Faust feels only the delight of newly acquired freedom, and casts his studies, with all their restraints and even the desire for knowledge, to the winds. Many years afterwards, at the time of Byron's death in 1825, Goethe, in conversation with Eckermann, used language which would apply to the Faust of the *Fragment* very well, if we remember that, in Faust's case, magic does more than social status could do in Byron's. "With



that disposition", said he, "which always leads him into the illimitable"—"seinem stets ins Unbegrenzte strebenden Naturell"—"the restraint which he put upon himself by the observance of the three (dramatic) unities becomes him very well. If he had but known how to endure moral restraint also! That he could not was his ruin; and it may be aptly said that he was destroyed by his own unbridled temperament. But he was too much in the dark about himself. He lived impetuously for the day, and neither knew nor thought what he was doing. His high rank as an English peer was very injurious to Byron. His predilection for the unbounded"—"Hang zum Unbegrenzten"—"could not have been nearly so dangerous with more humble birth and smaller means. But, as it was, he was able to put every fancy into practice, and this involved him in innumerable scrapes. Lord Byron himself says that his father carried off three ladies, and let any man be a steady son after that."

Faust's impulse towards freedom and the infinite in human feeling and experience has apparently very little of the friend of humanity element in it. He seeks the wider feeling and experience, because it is the crown of humanity, and all his senses strain to reach it. This leads him, says Mephistopheles, to overleap the joys of earth; and, even if he had not given himself to the Devil, must have wrought his ruin.

The introduction of Mephistopheles as the humourist throws fresh light upon Goethe's meaning, especially when we can be sure that he is to be taken seriously, and is giving utterance to opinions which Goethe himself held. And these conditions are, I think, fulfilled in the case of two of his utterances, viz.: (1) The words beginning—

"Glaub unser einem, dieses Ganze  
Ist nur für einen Gott gemacht;  
Er findet sich in einem ew'gen Glanze,  
Uns hat er in die Finsterniss gebracht,  
Und euch taugt einzig Tag und Nacht;"

and (2) the entry which he makes in the student's album: "Eritis sicut Deus scientes bonum et malum" ("Ye shall be as God, knowing good and evil").

To take the earlier first. Goethe, in one of his reviews



(*D. J. G.*, ii, 458), uses the same comparison of day and night. He says: "I would only make one remark, that, in a picture of human history, one cannot think of light without shadow, that time always divides itself into night and day, the scene will ever remain a mixture of virtue and vice, happiness and unhappiness." This is Goethe's way of expressing the chequered nature of human life. In his address on Shakespeare's-day (1771), he quotes the saying of "noble philosophers" about the world, that "what we call evil is only the other side of the good, which belongs as necessarily to its existence, and to the whole, as it is necessary that torrid zones burn and Lapland must freeze, in order that there may be a temperate zone."

In another review (*D. J. G.*, ii, 424) he carries the idea still further, and questions whether it is necessary to suppose that what God requires us to look upon as good and evil is also good and evil in His sight, and suggests that the light which is broken before our eyes into two colours may possibly be reunited before Him into one beam. About one thing all are agreed, that one ought to do that which we all call good.

Faust, in his upward striving, aims at reaching a point where, by intensity of feeling, he may, as the metaphysicians say, transcend the earthly distinction between joy and sorrow, and fuse them in the fulness of life. Mephistopheles warns him that time is essential to such an exploit, which is possible only to one who enjoys the eternal day of a God, but drops his objection when Faust declares that he intends to try. There is here no account taken of the companion distinction of things into right and wrong; but, when Mephistopheles makes his entry in the student's album, he adds, aside, that, if he follows the old saying and the advice of the Serpent, he will soon be sick and sorry enough for his likeness to the gods. In a letter to Kestner, Jan. 26, 1773, in answer apparently to one in which Lotte speaks of reading philosophy, Goethe says: "Tell her by all means to read philosophy. By God! she will become an altogether changed and more lordly creature. Errors, prejudices, and such like will fall from her eyes like scales, and she will be like one of the blessed gods. Tell her this, and give her the book, and if she reads through one page of it



I will—*carte blanche* for the most horrible *ragoût* that the Devil can invent—I will eat it. I think Lotte holds you and me for fools. She!—in mid-Carnival! Philosophy! Let her make herself a domino straight off, and leave all such nonsense; for God knows, if she had all gifts, as St. Paul says, and spoke with the wisdom and tongues of angels and men, and had not love, she is a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.” Goethe knew, none better, what dangers beset the passage from unconscious to conscious morality. In a case like Lotte’s,

“ When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security,”

he would not have it undertaken at all. For the student, with his coltish nature, it seems to Mephistopheles a sorry prospect. But we can hardly doubt that there is uppermost in his mind the application to Faust himself, who is just starting upon so sad and eventful a journey. The retired student with his long beard passes before us, his heart failing him when he remembers his own awkwardness, his shyness, and the strangeness to him of the world upon which he is just being launched. The sympathy that we should naturally feel with him is only lessened by the thought that his is to be the part of the betrayer, and that, though his own nature is quite noble enough to realise, when it is too late, the pity of the ruin which he has wrought, it is into the soul of his innocent victim that the iron will enter most deeply.

We now come to the scene *Wald und Höhle*, which Scherer thinks is that about which Goethe wrote to Herder in March 1788 from Rome. On taking *Faust* in hand again, he finds it, he says, naturally a different thing to write out the piece now from what it would have been fifteen years before; but he thinks he has got the clue, and, in this particular scene, has so far caught the tone of the whole that if he smoked the paper a bit no one could detect the addition. Scherer, on the other hand, thinks, to put the matter briefly, that this scene is merely a working up in verse of an earlier prose scene, which was afterwards inserted by Goethe under the head of *Trüber Tag*, just before the prison scene. In the latter, which was consequently



no part of the *Fragment*, I am only concerned with the allusion to the Erdgeist—"Grosser herrlicher Geist, der du mir zu erscheinen würdigtest, der du mein Hertz kennest und meine Seele, warum an den Schandgesellen mich schmieden, der sich am Schaden weidet und am Verderben sich letzt." To show how slight may be the connection here implied between the Erdgeist and Mephistopheles we need only refer to the parallel passage quoted by Scherer from *Goetz*. Adelheid exclaims, "Schicksal, Schicksal! warum hast du mich an einen Elenden geschmiedet?" (*D. J. G.*, ii, 177). Scherer omits what follows: "Schicksal? Sind wir's nicht selbst?" which we may compare with an expression of Goethe's in a letter to Behrisch (*G. J.*, vii, 102): "Ha! all pleasure lies in ourselves. We are our own Devil. We drive ourselves out of our Paradise."

Comparing with this prose Faust's poetical soliloquy commencing "Erhabner Geist", it seems hard to resist Scherer's conclusion that the latter is a versified version of the former. Its metre must assuredly mark it out as being of the same date as *Iphigeneia*. The editor of Goethe's Italian letters notes the coincidence between the expression used in the lines—

"Schweben mir  
Der Vorwelt silberne Gestalten auf  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Und lindern der Betrachtung strenge Lust,"

and the words which occur in a letter from Rome, of February 2nd, 1787 (p. 275)—"Ubrigens ist's Zeit dass ich aus Rom gehe, und eine Pause der allzustrengen Betrachtung mache." He does not seem to have remarked a further coincidence. The name of the scene is *Wald und Höhle*, and Faust describes how, when tempests rage, the spirit leads him "zur sichern Höhle" and shows him himself. In a letter from Perugia, dated October 25th, 1786, he writes: "If one wishes to see realised the poetic idea of men in primeval times, spending most of their lives beneath the open heaven, and only occasionally, when compelled by necessity, retiring for shelter into the caves (*in Höhlen*), one must visit the houses hereabouts, especially those in the rural districts, which are quite in the style and fashion of caves." And he begins a letter dated from Terni, October 27:



“Again sitting in a cave”—“wieder in einer Höhle sitzend.” Of course, in either case, the coincidences would prove very little, but they help to support an already established probability.

Whatever be the date of the lines beginning “Erhabner Geist”, it is difficult to explain them in such a way as to be at all consistent with Faust’s previous dealings with the Erdgeist. That spirit’s revelation taught him to know himself, but the favoured insight into nature, for which he here expresses his gratitude, is something which is neither the result of patient scientific study nor yet of magic. It seems to be illustrated by the words of Aurelia to Wilhelm Meister—“One would think you had just descended from a synod of the gods, and had listened there while they were taking counsel how to form men. In seeing you transact with your fellows I could imagine you to be the first large-born child of the creation, standing agape, and gazing with strange wonderment and edifying good nature at lions, and apes, and sheep, and elephants, and true-heartedly addressing them as your equals, simply because they were there and in motion like yourself” (Bk. iv, xvi). The connection between the Erdgeist and Mephistopheles remains quite unexplained from first to last. How little Goethe knew what to do with the scene when he had written it is shown by his placing it at first after the scene at the fountain, and then before it, *i.e.*, first after and then before the betrayal of Margaret.

To put the matter shortly, I would submit that Goethe, when he took up *Faust* again after fifteen years, found himself in some difficulty as to how to treat the Erdgeist. He had intended him to play something the sort of part in the drama that the Ghost plays in *Hamlet*, where the tragical situation arises entirely from the Ghost’s revelation and its effect upon Hamlet, the action of the play being prolonged by his indecision. But the revelation of the Erdgeist was not in itself a sufficiently intelligible motive to dominate a whole tragedy, and the Erdgeist (one hardly knows whether to call him “it” or “him”) had not character enough to fill the place which Goethe had intended him to fill. He was too indefinite; with all his red fire, he brought with him neither “airs from



Heaven nor blasts from Hell". But, being too intimately interwoven with the earlier scenes to be cut out, Goethe felt that he must, if he retained him, either make him a good deal more or a good deal less. This scene, *Wald und Höhle*, is accordingly a last attempt to make him something more, and hence the difficulty of reconciling it with what has gone before. When Goethe took up the play again at a later date he decided that the *Erdgeist* must be almost given up. The Prologue in Heaven and the Wager dwarfed him, and to him and his revelation was finally assigned the subordinate work of driving Faust to the much more intelligible incident of a nearly successful attempt at suicide, with which part the expressions "Schönstes Glück" and "Fülle der Gesichte", which were still retained, seem curiously inconsistent.

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## GOETHE IN HIS CONNECTION WITH ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY MISS MARY CARR, OF GIRTON COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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“WHAT you require”, said Goethe to Eckermann, “is to lay in a capital which can never be exhausted. This you will attain by continuing the study of the English language and literature. Persevere in that, and never cease to make use of the excellent opportunity provided you by the society of young Englishmen. The ancient languages were for the most part lost to you in your youth, therefore seek a hold in the literature of so sound a nation as the English. Moreover, our own literature is for the most part descended from theirs. Our novels, our tragedies, do they not come to us from Goldsmith, Fielding, and Shakespeare? And even at the present day, where would you find in Germany three literary heroes who could be compared with Lord Byron, Moore, and Walter Scott? Once more, then, strengthen your knowledge of English.” (Eckermann’s *Gespräche mit Goethe*, 3rd Dec. 1824.)

The study which Goethe here so strongly recommends had long claimed his attention. “I have occupied myself for the last fifty years with the English language and literature”, he remarked to a young English engineer, who was introduced to him at Weimar, “so that I am very well acquainted with your authors, and the life and constitution of your country. If I came over to England I should be no stranger.” (Eckermann’s *Gespräche mit Goethe*, 10th Jan. 1825.)

Goethe’s knowledge of English literature was confined to modern English. We do not find allusions either to Old English or Middle-English works in his letters and conversation. The periods in which Goethe was most closely connected with English literature fall at the beginning and at the close of his life, in the days of the “Young Goethe”, as we know him



before he settled in Weimar, and Goethe the old man, who entered into most friendly relations with the new school of English authors which arose after the French Revolution.

In Leipzig Goethe became acquainted with Shakespeare through Dodd's *Beauties of Shakespeare*, and through Wieland's translation, which was revised and completed by Eschenburg. In his Leipzig letters to his sister Cornelia and to his friend Behrisch there are frequent allusions to the great English dramatist, as well as occasional quotations from Pope. Several of the letters to his sister are written in English, and show that he had at that time a fair knowledge of the language.<sup>1</sup>

Although Goethe accounts Shakespeare one of his "true masters" during his Leipzig career, it was not until he came in contact with Herder at Strassburg that he can be considered to have had any real acquaintance with English literature. It was Herder who revived his interest for Shakespeare, and who called his attention to Ossian, Percy's *Reliques*, Swift, Sterne, and Goldsmith. Herder brought the *Vicar of Wakefield* to Strassburg, and read it aloud in the German translation.

This work made a great impression on Goethe, and shortly afterwards, when his friend Wieland took him to the house of the pastor Brion, in Sesenheim, he seemed to see the Wakefield family in real life. He has given us a most charming though inaccurate account of his first visit to the Sesenheim parsonage in *Dichtung und Wahrheit*.

The ballad, "Edwin and Angelina", which is inserted in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, was developed later on by Goethe into the operette, "Erwin und Elmire"; and in Wetzlar he was one of those who read with delight Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

It was to Shakespeare, above all, that Goethe devoted a zealous study during his stay at Strassburg.

The following quotations from a speech, entitled "For Shakespeare's Day", read by Goethe immediately after his return to Frankfort, on the 14th Oct. 1771, will give some idea of the exaggerated style in which at that time he paid homage to Shakespeare:—

"Do not expect that I shall write much and methodically",

See *Goethe Jahrbuch*, vol. vii.



he says; "tranquillity is no holiday attire, and I have still thought little on the subject of Shakespeare; divined, felt at the most,—that is the highest pitch to which I have been able to attain. The first page of his which I read made me his for life, and when I had finished the first play, I stood like one born blind, whose sight has been restored in a moment by some miraculous hand. I recognised, I felt most keenly that my existence was infinitely widened, everything was new to me, unknown, and the unwonted light made my eyes ache. By degrees I learnt to see, and, thanks to my grateful genius, I still continue to feel keenly what I have gained."

"Shakespeare, my friend", he exclaims, "wert thou still among us, I could live nowhere but with thee; how willingly would I play the by-part of a Pylades if thou wert Orestes, rather than the sacred character of a high priest in the Temple of Delphos!" And again: "I cry Nature! Nature! nothing so natural as Shakespeare's men."

The result of this deep interest which Goethe took in Shakespeare's works is seen in his *Götz von Berlichingen*. He tells us in *Dichtung und Wahrheit* that Herder's verdict on this was unkind and severe; but, indeed, the first version was no drama at all, but simply a dramatised history, as by its title it purports to be. The unities of time and place are ruthlessly infringed, and the same may be noticed in the rapid change of scene at the end of *Faust*, and in the portions of *Egmont* which were written in Frankfort.

Of all Shakespeare's plays *Hamlet* is the one which seems to have had the most influence on Goethe. It is discussed at length in *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*, though even now the space devoted to its treatment is less than Goethe originally intended. The scheme which is proposed by Wilhelm of a version of the play for representation on the German stage is most interesting. The way in which the great characters and the great events are portrayed seems to him incomparable, but he considers that the mind of the spectator is too much distracted from the leading action of the play by the great variety of minor incidents. He proposes to simplify the numerous secondary motives by developing a motive which is already



present in the play, namely, the disturbances in Norway, and by substituting it for all the others.

An old English ballad which is put in the mouth of Ophelia, in *Hamlet*, is sung by Mephistopheles in the first part of *Faust*, where, too, the title of the interlude, "Walpurgis Night's Dream", has a direct reference to Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The character of Werther has many points of resemblance with that of Hamlet, and the closing scene of *Clavigo*, where the lover, bending over Marie's corpse, is killed by her brother, reminds us of Hamlet and Laertes at Ophelia's grave. The words, too, bear some resemblance :

CLAVIGO to BUENCO : "The unhappy are dangerous."

HAMLET to LAERTES : "Yet have I something in me dangerous."

The last scene, too, of *Romeo and Juliet* is of a similar nature. There is another point in which Goethe resembles Shakespeare in the composition of *Clavigo*, namely, the use which he has made of the *Mémoire* of Beaumarchais. He has translated the chief scene word for word, just as Shakespeare followed most closely the old chroniclers. In Strassburg, Goethe meditated writing a drama on "Cæsar". He did not carry out his plan, but we find traces of the influence of *Julius Cæsar* in his treatment of the tumults of the people in *Egmont*.

Later on in life Goethe wrote a criticism in the *Morgenblatt* on "Shakespeare as a Poet in General", and "Shakespeare compared with Ancient and Modern Writers". Ten years afterwards this was completed by an article in *Kunst und Alterthum*, on "Shakespeare as Dramatic Poet." Shakespeare frequently forms the subject of conversation between Goethe and Eckermann, and the following words of Goethe on one of these occasions are valuable as showing us in what light, in old age, he viewed the influence of the man to whom he had devoted a life-long interest :—"It is no use attempting to speak about Shakespeare, all is inadequate. I have tried my hand at him in *Wilhelm Meister*, but that is not saying much. He is no dramatic poet, he has never thought of the stage, it was much too narrow for his great mind ; yes, even the whole visible world was too narrow for him. He is too rich and too



powerful. A productive nature should only read one play of his a year, if it would not be ruined by him. It was well for me that I got rid of him by my *Gotz von Berlichingen* and *Egmont*, and, it was very well for Byron that he had not too great respect for him, and that he went his own way. How many excellent Germans have been ruined by him, by him and Calderon!"

"Shakespeare", he continues, "gives us golden apples in silver dishes. By the study of his plays we get the silver dishes maybe, but we have only potatoes to put in them, that is the worst." (Eckermann's *Gespräche mit Goethe*, Dec. 25, 1825.)

The second great work of Goethe's youth, *Werther's Leiden*, can also be traced back to English influence; the epistolary form in which it was written was first adopted by Richardson, the father of the novel in letters, while the unhealthy tone of sentimentality which it reflects was traceable in great part to Sterne. Goethe himself acknowledges this in his description of the *Campaign in France* (Hempel ed., xxv, 140), where he says: "Werther in no wise created a disease, a fever, but only disclosed the evil which lay hidden in young minds. During a long and prosperous peace a literary-æsthetic culture had developed most perfectly on German soil within the national language; yet because the mind alone was concerned in this there crept in a certain sentimentality, in the origin and progress of which the influence of Yorick-Sterne cannot be mistaken. A kind of passionate asceticism arose, which, since the humorous irony of the Briton was denied us, usually degenerated into a sorry spirit of self-torment."

Here the period of the "Young Goethe" draws to a close. During this part of his life the influence of three English writers in particular has been shown to be conspicuous, the three men whose guidance he acknowledged in later years in the words: "To Shakespeare, Sterne, and Goldsmith I have been infinitely indebted." (Eckermann's *Gespräche mit Goethe*, Dec. 16, 1828.)

In middle life Goethe's connection with English literature is less marked, for during this period, in which his journey to Italy falls, he devoted himself almost exclusively to the study of the classics. During the early years of his stay in Weimar



his interest in English literature was kept up by his intercourse with Frau von Stein, who at this time was learning English.

Thus, in a letter to her dated Sunday, 8th January 1786, he writes: "In the evening the joy awaits me of perusing *Hamlet* at your side, and of interpreting to you what you know far better than I." In his *Correspondence with Schiller* the allusions to English authors are few and far between. In one letter (6th Dec. 1799) he mentions that he has been reading a tragedy and a comedy of Ben Jonson, which have helped to give him a better insight into the old English theatre. In another place Milton's *Paradise Lost* forms the subject of discussion between him and Schiller. "Milton's *Paradise Lost*", writes Goethe, July 31st, 1799, "that I took up by chance the other day, has given me occasion for some strange considerations. In this poem, too, as in all modern works of art, it is really the individual who thereby manifests himself and creates the interest. The subject is detestable, outwardly plausible, inwardly worm-eaten and hollow. Besides the few natural and energetical motives there are a great number of lame and false ones which offend the taste. But, truly, it is an interesting man who speaks; it cannot be denied that he possesses character, feeling, understanding, accomplishments, poetical and oratorical gifts, and many other good qualities. Certainly the rare circumstance that, as a defeated revolutionist, he knew better how to enter into the part of the devil than of the angel, has a great influence on the delineation and composition of the poem, as well as the blindness of the author on its harmony and tone. The work will therefore always remain unique, and as was before said, however much it may be wanting in art, nature will so much the more be triumphant." Milton was, indeed, no dramatic poet, he did not possess the power of losing himself in his creations. It must be confessed that Goethe is right in some points in his criticism of *Paradise Lost*, but surely, in pronouncing the subject to be "detestable, outwardly plausible, and inwardly worm-eaten and hollow", he does not do justice to the earnest purpose of Milton in writing the great "epic of Puritanism".

While Goethe was manager of the Weimar Theatre, he and Schiller agreed to arrange certain plays for representation;



among these was Schiller's version of *Macbeth* and Goethe's remodelling of *Romeo and Juliet*. This is not printed in the editions of Goethe's works, partly because it is doubtful how much of it should be attributed to Goethe alone, and partly because it is not an independent translation from the English original, but is founded on Schlegel's version. The points in which Goethe has differed from Shakespeare must be regarded as defects rather than improvements. The humour of Mercutio and the nurse is considerably curtailed, the graphic picture which Shakespeare has given of the wild, riotous life of the Veronese nobility is almost entirely blotted out, and the action of the play closes with the death of Juliet, while in Shakespeare the complete reconciliation of the two hostile houses ensues.

Schiller's knowledge of English was not complete enough to allow him to derive a full enjoyment from the works of English authors. His wife, however, was more fortunate in this respect. Schiller himself mentions (12th Sept. 1794) that he has sent her an English translation of *Iphigenia*, which he had received from Goethe; and it seems as though Goethe occasionally supplied her with English reading after Schiller's death, for we possess a letter of hers to Goethe, dated 1818, in which she refers to a "very remarkable book" which he has sent her, which, it has been conjectured, was Marlowe's *Faustus*.

The absence of any particular interest in English literature during this period of Goethe's life makes his connection with English authors in his old age even more striking. At that time much was spoken of a world-literature, and it was natural that the close contact into which the different nations had been brought by the French Revolution should create a need for intellectual interchange, and should lead to a desire for literary free-trade. As regards English literature, Goethe's interest centres round the names of three men—Byron, Scott, and Carlyle—and his relation towards them, as made known in *Kunst und Alterthum*, derives an added charm from its personal nature.

To Carlyle the merit is due of making Goethe popular in England, and it was meet that he should be known in a country which owed in great part to his influence the works of such men



as Lord Byron and Walter Scott. As Matthew Arnold has well said, "We all remember how Mr. Carlyle, 'the old man eloquent', who in his younger days, fifty years ago, betook himself to Goethe for light and help, and found what he sought, and declared his gratitude so powerfully and well, and did so much to make Goethe's name a name of might for other Englishmen also, a strong tower into which the doubter and the despairer might run and be safe,—we all remember how Mr. Carlyle has taught us to see in *Götz* and in *Werther* the double source from which have flowed those two mighty streams—the literature of feudalism and romance, represented for us by Scott, and the literature of emotion and passion, represented for us by Byron." (*Mixed Essays*, by M. Arnold, p. 283.)

We will first consider Goethe's relations with Byron, whom he ranks as the first English poet after Shakespeare. In the *Tag- und Jahreshefte*, 1816, we learn that Goethe began to be more and more attracted by Byron's poems, and that he was reading the "Corsair" and "Lara" with admiration and appreciation. Again, in 1817, the following entry occurs: "English poetry and literature above all came into the foreground this year; Lord Byron's poems won more and more popularity as the peculiarities of this extraordinary genius became better known, so that men and women, youths and maidens, seemed almost to forget that they were Germans. As there was a better opportunity of obtaining his works, it became a custom with me, too, to devote my attention to him. He was a dear contemporary of mine, and I liked to follow him in thought on the mistaken paths of his life."<sup>1</sup>

Byron was an unfailing subject of conversation between Goethe and Eckermann. At one time Goethe admits that the passionate tone of his own "Elegie", the second poem in the *Trilogie der Leidenschaft*,<sup>2</sup> was due to the influence of Byron (Nov. 16, 1823); at another time it is the "Vision of Judgment" which is discussed (May 18, 1824). Goethe declares that when Byron died he had reached the summit of his creative power.

<sup>1</sup> For details of Goethe's relations with Byron, see Prof. Althaus' paper in the present volume.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 61 of present volume.



In his incomparable poem of the "Vision of Judgment" he had done the utmost of which he was capable.

Goethe's poem "Stark von Faust" has undoubtedly reference to Byron; and in "Helena" he has erected to him a "monument of love", where, under the name of "Euphorion", Byron figures as the representative of the modern poetic era.

Walter Scott's connection with Goethe began at an early period of his life; one of his first attempts as author was the translation of *Götz von Berlichingen* into English, but it was not till much later that he entered into correspondence with him, namely, after his son-in-law Lockhart had returned from Weimar, where he had been introduced to the great German poet. Scott has reproduced Goethe's Mignon in his *Fenella in Peveril of the Peak*, but not with much success.

Goethe frequently spoke of Scott to Eckermann in terms of the highest praise. He declared his intention of reading all Scott's best novels in turn, as all was great in them (March 9, 1831). He read the *Life of Napoleon*, too, with much interest, and afterwards wrote down a short criticism of it.

Of his third great English contemporary, Thomas Carlyle, Goethe speaks with gratitude as one of those whose sympathy had spurred him on in later years. Again, in considering the advantages derived from a universal literature, namely, the opportunities which the different nations have of correcting one another, he cites as an example Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, which is written in such a manner as a German will not easily equal. On the other hand, he observes that the Germans know how to estimate the merits of Shakespeare and Byron better than the English themselves (Eckermann's *Gespräche mit Goethe*, July 15, 1827). Goethe criticised Carlyle's *German Romance*, and his *Life of Schiller* in *Kunst und Alterthum*. Carlyle translated *Wilhelm Meister* and the *Helena*. It was he, too, who brought Burns more prominently before Goethe's notice. In *Kunst und Alterthum* Goethe declares that as Scotchmen had devoted so much attention to Schiller, it was but fair that Germans in return should strive to make Burns known among their countrymen.

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## THE TRILOGY OF PASSION.

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[On November 2, at a meeting of the North-London Branch at Highgate, Professor C. Tomlinson, F.R.S., read a paper on "Goethe's Early Years." Amongst the lyrics of this period he referred particularly to the "Trilogy of Passion" (or Emotion), his translation of which, with the remarks which preceded it, is here reprinted.]

ALL these poems (the lyrics) should be taken in connection with an account of the Werther period. They express happily its highly sentimental tone. At the same time I am conscious of a certain artificial air pervading portions of these poetical effusions, confirming me in the opinion that the author was not a fellow-sufferer with his hero, that he was not afflicted with the mental disease which brought Werther to an untimely end. The poetical sympathy is feelingly and tenderly expressed; but it is the poetry of a sane man—of one who acts up to the advice which he puts into the mouth of his hero:

"Sey ein Mann, und folge mir nicht nach."

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### I.—TO WERTHER.

#### I.

Yet once again, thou much lamented shade,  
 Thou com'st to meet me in the light,  
 On meads where spring her flowers has displayed,  
 Nor dost thou seek to shun my sight:  
 It is as if thou liv'st in the early morn,  
 When we were quickened by the dew afield,  
 And passing o'er the troublous day forlorn,  
 Found bliss in the last ray the sun did yield.  
 I to remain—thou to depart did'st choose—  
 Thou went'st before—thou had'st not much to lose.



## II.

Man's life then seemed to be a splendid fate,  
 The day delicious, and the night how great !  
 And we, all steeped in Paradise delight,  
 Scarce of the mighty sun enjoyed the light.  
 We wrestled with perplexities abounding,  
 Now with ourselves, and now with our surrounding ;  
 No aid from others, worth a thought, bestowed,  
 'Twas dark without, but from within it glowed ;  
 A cheerful outside veiled my saddened look,  
 But closer seen, 'twas happiness mistook.

## III.

We think we know it now ! What power to bind  
 When lovely woman's form entranced our mind !  
 The youth elate, as in his childhood's bloom,  
 Steps forth in spring, himself as spring become.  
 He, charmed, bewildered, asks, " Who has done this ?"  
 He gazes round, as if the world were his ;  
 His eager haste now draws him on afar,  
 Nor walls, nor palaces, his course may bar ;  
 Like birds, above the trees, in airy flight,  
 He wanders round his dearest heart's delight ;  
 He solitude prefers, but from the ethereal blue  
 He seeks the faithful glance that holds him true.

## IV.

Yet first too early warned, and then too late,  
 His flight restrained, to be ensnared his fate ;  
 To meet once more how glad, to part how sore,  
 The welcome welcoming delights still more ;  
 As if whole years one moment's span could tell,  
 While lingering waits the treacherous farewell.

## V.

'Tis fitting, Friend, that smile of sympathy ;  
 A horrid parting brought sad fame to thee ;  
 Our sympathy with thy hard lot we owe,  
 Since, leaving us behind to weal or woe,  
 The devious path of passion once again  
 Involved us in a labyrinth of pain ;  
 Compelling us to own, with bated breath,  
 That last dread parting—parting that is death.



How touching are the notes the poet sings  
To mitigate the death that parting brings !  
Tangled in woes his own course half procures,  
It needs a god to say what he endures.

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## II.—THE ELEGY.

And when the man in agony is dumb,  
A god inspired me to express my pains.

## I.

What must I hope from meeting once again,  
From the unopened blossom of this day ?  
An open Paradise and Hell remain  
For thee to choose, then why thus doubting stay ?  
The doubt's resolved—To Heaven's gate she flies,  
Then takes thee in her arms, to Heaven to rise.

## II.

And thus wast thou received in Paradise,  
As worthy of the bright eternal life ;  
No wish, desire, or hope within thee rise,  
For Heaven thus terminates the keenest strife.  
And contemplating this the only fair,  
The source of longing tears is dried up there.

## III.

How did the day advance on nimble wings,  
Seeming to drive the minutes on before !  
Till evening's kiss the seal of union brings,  
Which the next sun doth faithfully restore :  
The hours slid by in tender, wandering quest,  
Like sisters, but no one quite like the rest.

## IV.

This the last kiss, so cruel and so sweet,  
Severing the web of vanished loves for aye,  
About the threshold hesitating feet  
As if a flaming cherub barred the way :  
Sadly doth he the gloomy path explore,  
Sadly look back upon the closed door.



## V.

Closed on itself, the heart, now desolate,  
Closed, as if opened it had never been ;  
Gay hours, and every star in heaven elate,  
Shine emulous at his side—by him not seen !  
He breathes a heavy, reeking atmosphere  
Of self-reproach, repentance, gloomy care.

## VI.

Is not the world then left ? the rocks still stand ;  
Are they no longer crowned by holy shades ?  
Doth not the harvest ripen ? a green land  
Stretch to the river down through fields and glades ?  
Nor supermundane vastness arch us o'er,  
Now rich with forms—now rich with forms no more ?

## VII.

How lightly, clearly, tenderly it grew !  
Hovering like seraph from the choir of cloud ;  
Resembling yonder, in the ethereal blue,  
A slender form rising from vaporous shroud.  
Thus didst thou see her in the festive dance,  
The loveliest of the lovely forms advance.

## VIII.

Yet only for a moment canst thou dare  
An airy form, instead of her to hold ;  
Back to thy heart retire—'tis better there  
To seek her image changing manifold :  
There she is imaged, over many nearer  
A thousandfold, and ever, ever dearer !

## IX.

She to receive me lingered at the door ;  
This made my happiness each moment grow ;  
The last kiss given, she yet bestowed one more,  
And followed me that last one to bestow.  
Her cherished image memory doth inspire,  
Writ on the faithful heart in words of fire,—

## X.

On the true heart, which, firm as battlement,  
Beats but for her, that heart she only fills ;



For her dear sake with its own griefs content,  
 And only lives when she herself reveals.  
 More freedom feels in wearing her loved chain,  
 Beats but to thank her for its every gain.

## XI.

The need of loving, is it vanished quite ?  
 Reciprocated love for ever gone ?  
 Doth joyful enterprise give no delight,  
 Nor bold results by resolution won ?  
 If love inspired the lover, it would be  
 Reciprocated earnestly by me ;

## XII.

And she the motive ! How an inward care  
 On mind and body weighed, a baneful load,  
 What forms of horror round me filled the air,  
 Or in the heart's drear space made their abode !  
 But see ! Hope smiles from yonder well-known door,  
 'Tis she herself, with sunshine mantled o'er !

## XIII.

The peace of God, which blesses here below  
 Far more than reason can—for so we read—  
 I liken to the peace love can bestow  
 In presence of the loved—'tis peace indeed !  
 The heart's at rest—disturbing influence none—  
 In that deep sense of being all her own.

## XIV.

In our best moments one may often strive  
 To give oneself a grateful offering there,  
 Where something higher, purer, doth survive,  
 Solving for self what never was named here.  
 We call it "being good"—to such blest height  
 I feel that I attain when standing in her sight.

## XV.

Before her glances, as before the sun,  
 Before her breath, like breath of genial spring,  
 Melts the cold selfishness long since begun,  
 Cold as in icy cavern lingering.  
 No selfish feeling, or selfwill can stay ;  
 At her approach they all are scared away.



## XVI.

It is as if she said, "Life, hour by hour,  
 Is offered kindly, as we a gift bestow,  
 We little gained from yesterday of power,  
 The morrow, 'tis forbidden us to know.  
 And if I e'er of evening was afraid,  
 The sun, in going down, beheld me glad.

## XVII.

"Therefore, from my example learn to see  
 With glad intelligence, what time may bring,  
 Delay not, meet it in quick sympathy,  
 With act, with joy, with love, with everything.  
 Always with childlike trust enact thy part,  
 In all things then invincible thou art."

## XVIII.

"'Tis well for thee this clever talk!" I thought;  
 "A god propitious aid to thee did send,  
 And each one feels at thy fair side as taught  
 To hold himself a moment Fortune's friend.  
 Thy signal for departure frightens me,  
 What boots it learning such high lore from thee?"

## XIX.

And now I'm far away! What best may be  
 To suit the present need, I cannot say;  
 She offers much of good, as best for me,  
 It but impedes, I put it far away.  
 An uncontrollable longing whirls me round,  
 No remedy but tears that know no bound!

## XX.

So then gush on, and flow without restraint,  
 And prove but vain to quench the inner glow  
 That now doth rend my breast with raging plaint,  
 Where Death and Life rage each to each a foe.  
 Some herbs there are may heal the body's ill,  
 How heal the mind that lacks the strength of will?

## XXI.

Unreasoning mind! How fares he now she's gone?  
 A thousand times her image he revives;  
 Anon it tarries, vanishes anon,  
 Now indistinct, all clearly now it lives.



How could this serve to comfort his despair,  
The ebb and flow, the coming and going there !

## XXII.

Faithful companions of my journey here,  
Leave me alone to rocks, and moss, and moor ;  
Speed on, the world lies open everywhere,  
Wide earth, and heavens sublime that arch us o'er.  
Observe, inquire, of facts get many a one,  
Nature her secrets speaks in faltering tone.

## XXIII.

All's lost to me, lost to myself am I !  
I, who to the gods was once so dear ;  
They with Pandora tried me, temptingly,  
So rich in good, richer in danger's snare.  
They thrust me on where the bounteous gifts are found,  
They thrust me back, and dashed me to the ground !

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 III.—RECONCILIATION.

## I.

'Tis Passion that brings suffering. Who can heal  
The heart that's lost its all—the heart in pain ?  
Where are the hours that hence did quickly steal  
Offering the fairest things for thee in vain ?  
The sad mind o'er its acts has lost all sway,  
And the vast world from sense now fades away.

## II.

Hark ! Music breathes as if from angel's wings,  
Tone upon tone, millions of tones are stealing ;  
A penetrating influence it brings,  
Eternal beauty to man's sense revealing :  
His eye grows moist, he higher longing dares,  
He feels the worth divine of tones and tears.

## III.

And so the heart, now lightened, soon perceives  
That still it lives and beats, and loves to beat,  
Grateful for the rich boon it now receives,  
It would devote itself, as offering meet.  
It felt—oh ! may it aye that feeling prove,  
The double bliss of tears as well as love.



## Reprints.

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### MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE,

BY MATHILDE BLIND.

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ALL that is wise has been thought already; we must try, however, to think it again.

How shall you learn to know yourself?—Not by contemplation, but action. Strive to do your duty, and you will soon discover what stuff you are made of.

But what is your duty?—To fulfil the claims of the day.

The rational universe is to be considered as a great undying Individual, which is incessantly producing that which it must, and thereby makes itself lord over even the accidental.

The longer I live the more it annoys me to see man, whose highest function consists in ruling Nature, and in emancipating himself and those belonging to him from the encompassing necessity—when I see him, from some false preconceived notion, doing the very reverse of what he intended, and then miserably bungling about in the parts because the design of the whole is spoilt.

Let the active able man deserve and expect;  
 From the Great—grace;  
 From the Powerful—favour;  
 From the Good and Active—help;  
 From the Multitude—liking;  
 From the Individual—love.

Everyone must think in his own way; for he will always discover some sort of truth or approximation to truth which helps him through his life. But he must not let himself drift



along; he must exercise self-control; it beseems not man to allow himself to be ruled by instinct.

Unlimited activity of whatever kind must at last end in bankruptcy.

In the works of man as in those of Nature, it is the intention which is chiefly worth studying.

Men come to mistake themselves and others because they treat the means as an end, the consequence being that their very activity prevents their accomplishing anything, or perhaps effects the reverse of what was designed.

What we plan, what we undertake, should already be so clearly mapped out and so beautiful in its proportions that the World by interfering could only mar it. We should thus be in an advantageous position to adjust what might have got out of joint, and to replace what had been destroyed.

It is extremely difficult to correct and sift whole, half, and quarter errors, and to put what of truth they contain in its proper place.

Truth need not always be embodied; enough if it hover around like a spiritual essence, which gives one peace and fills the atmosphere with a solemn sweetness like harmonious music of bells.

“Blowing is not playing the flute; you must use your fingers.”

Generalisations and great self-conceit are always preparing the most lamentable mishaps.

Botanists have a class of plants which they name *Incompletæ*; we might in the same sense speak of incomplete, imperfect men—those, namely, whose longing and struggling are not in proportion to their doing and performing.

The smallest man may be complete by confining his actions within the limits of his capacity and skill; but even fine gifts are obscured, ruined, and annihilated if the indispensable proportion be wanting. This mischief will often display itself in this new time; for who can hope to fulfil satisfactorily the



claims of an age everyway full of exaggeration and also in rapidest movement?

Only persons of wise activity, who, having gauged their powers, use them with sense and moderation, may hope to become proficient in their knowledge of the universe.

A great mistake: to hold one-self too high and rate oneself too cheap.

I occasionally meet with young men in whom I see nothing I could wish altered or improved; nevertheless I feel anxious when I see them thoroughly able to swim with the current of the times; and I am continually impelled in this case to call their attention to the fact that man, in his frail boat, had the rudder placed in his hands in order that he might not allow himself to be swayed by chance currents, but by the dictates of his judgment.

But how shall a young man by his unaided efforts discover that which everybody does, approves, and promotes to be hurtful and reprehensible? How shall he not let his nature and temperament waft him in the same direction?

I must regard it as the greatest misfortune of our time, in which nothing is allowed to attain to maturity, that each moment is swallowed up by its successor, the day dissipated within the day, and that people thus continually live from hand to mouth, without in reality furthering anything. Do we not already possess newspapers for every hour of the day? A ready wit, certainly, might still intercalate this, that, and the other. Thus what everybody thinks, fancies, does, nay intends doing, is dragged into publicity. Nobody must suffer and rejoice but as a pastime for others, the news flying from house to house, from city to city, from country to country, and, at last, from continent to continent, with incredible velocity.

But we can as little hope to put down the steam-engine as these phenomena showing themselves in the moral world: the animation of commerce, the swift passage of paper-money, the accumulation of debt to pay debt, such are the enormously complicated elements which the young man is called upon to



deal with at present. It is well if he is endowed by Nature with quiet and moderation, making no exorbitant claims on the world on the one hand, nor allowing himself to be swayed by it on the other.

In every circle the Time-spirit lies in wait for him, and nothing is more necessary than to point out to him early enough the direction in which his will ought to steer.

The importance of the most innocent speeches and acts increases with our years, and I strive continually to direct the attention of those whom I see often about me, to the difference there is between sincerity, confidence, and indiscretion; nay, that in reality there is no difference, but rather a subtle transition—which ought to be noticed, or, better still, felt—from what is most harmless to the most mischievous.

To this end we ought to cultivate our tact, or we run the risk of inadvertently forfeiting people's favour from the same cause which first gained it us. We naturally learn this in our course through life, but only after having paid a heavy school-fee for it, which unfortunately we cannot prevent our successors from being obliged to pay likewise.

The relation of the arts and sciences to life varies in proportion to the stage of development they have attained, to the character of the times, and a thousand other accidental circumstances; it is not easy for anyone, therefore, to form a sound conclusion on the subject as a whole.

Poetry acts chiefly at the earlier stage of human conditions, be they either quite rude, half-civilised, or in a transitional period of civilisation; or at the first acquaintance with an alien civilisation, so that one may say the action of novelty is always concerned in it.

Music, in the best sense, does not require novelty; nay, the older it is and the more we are accustomed to it, the greater its effect.

The dignity of art perhaps chiefly manifests itself in music, as it contains no adventitious elements. Consisting chiefly in form and feeling, it heightens and refines whatever it expresses.



Music is either sacred or profane. The sacred character is thoroughly suited to its dignity, and through this it exercises the most potent influence on life, an influence continuing the same at all times and epochs. Profane music ought to be permeated by cheerfulness.

That species of music which mixes up the sacred and profane character is godless, while that of a hybrid kind, which loves to express weak, pitiable, and miserable feelings, becomes absurd; for it is not grave enough for sacredness, and lacks the leading characteristics of its opposite—gaiety.

The sacred character of church music, the gaiety and sportiveness of popular melodies, are the two hinges on which music turns. An infallible effect is always produced by either kind—devotion or dancing. The blending of these two elements is confusing, the dilution turns vapid; and when music endeavours to accommodate itself to didactic or descriptive poetry, it becomes cold.

Plastic art produces an effect upon us at only its highest stage. On various accounts we may be impressed by mediocre works, but, on the whole, they perplex more than delight us. Sculpture, therefore, should strive to lay hold on a subsidiary interest in the subject, such as is found in the likenesses of remarkable men. But in these, also, a high degree of excellence must be attained, in order to combine the attributes of truth and dignity.

Painting is the most facile and accommodating of all the arts. The most facile because, even in cases where it is more of a craft than an art, we tolerate and take pleasure in much of it on account of the subject-matter; partly because technical skill, however spiritless in point of execution, impresses the educated and uneducated alike, so that it is generally acceptable if it rises but partially to the level of art. Truth in colouring, in surfaces, and in the relation of visible objects to one another, is in itself pleasing; and as the eye, moreover, is accustomed to see everything, a misshapen object, either in reality or in counterfeit, is not as offensive to it as a discord is to the ear. We tolerate the sorriest copy because we habitually see yet



sorrier objects. If the painter, therefore, is but in some degree an artist, he will find more public appreciation than a musician of the same rank; the minor painter, at least, can always act by himself, whereas the musician of like standing must co-operate with others, in order to produce some effect by means of combined performances.

The question as to whether or no we ought to institute comparisons in criticising works of art might be answered as follows: The *connoisseur* ought to compare, for he has formed a conception, an idea of what can and ought to be produced. The *amateur*, on the road to culture, however, finds most furtherance in abstaining from comparisons, and viewing each merit separately; by this means feeling and perception for the more general elements are gradually developed. The comparisons of the uninitiated are, in fact, a species of indolence fain to escape the trouble of judgment.

Love of truth shows itself in discovering and appreciating what is good wherever it may exist.

By historically tempered human feeling, we understand one which is so regulated that, in estimating contemporary merits and capacities, the past is also taken into account.

The best result to be derived from history is the enthusiasm it kindles.

Originality challenges originality.

We must remember that there are many people who, although lacking originality, yet wish to say something striking, and thus the most whimsical things of all sorts are produced.

People of a profound and serious turn of mind are placed in a difficult position as regards the public.

Let him who would have me for a listener speak positively; of the problematic I have enough within myself.

Superstition is so innate in man that if we try to expel it it retreats to the oddest nooks and corners, reappearing unexpectedly when it may hope for any security.



We should know many things better did we not wish to know them too minutely ; for an object first assumes just proportions for us at an angle of forty-five degrees.

The microscope and telescope have a tendency to confuse our proper human understanding.

I hold my peace concerning many things, as I do not wish to perplex my fellow-men, and am content to see them rejoicing at what irritates me.

Everything is pernicious that emancipates our intellect without at the same time strengthening our self-control.

It is the What rather than the How which usually interests people in a work of art ; for while able to grasp the former in its part they cannot apprehend the latter as a whole. Hence comes the love of extracting passages—in the course of which, however, if we are careful observers, we shall see that the total effect is again reproduced, only, in this case, unconsciously to everybody.

The question as to whence the poet has derived his work concerns his subject-matter alone ; of the How one never learns anything.

Imagination is only regulated by art, more especially by poetry. There is nothing more frightful than imagination devoid of taste.

Mannerism is produced by missing the ideal—is, in fact, a subjective ideal ; it rarely, therefore, is wanting in ingenuity.

The philologist depends on the congruity of written tradition. Thus, a manuscript forming the object of research is often full of gaps, of faults of orthography and other objectionable qualities, necessarily producing corresponding gaps in the sense. Perhaps a second, perhaps a third copy is discovered, and by instituting comparisons between them the possibility increases of eliciting sense and reason from the manuscript. Nay, the philologist makes still another step, and trusts that his own efforts, unaided by external appliances, may enable him not only to understand the matter in hand, but to reconstruct it afresh as



a consistent whole. But special tact and absorption in the departed author being required for this, as well as a certain degree of inventive power, we must not blame the philologist if he also arrogate the right of judgment in matters of taste in which, however, he is not always equally successful.

The poet's function consists in representation. This reaches its climax when it rivals reality, or, in other words, when its descriptions are vivified by his genius to such a degree that they appear actually present. Poetry, at its culminating point, makes the impression of something absolutely external, and as soon as it assumes an inward character its decline begins. That kind of poetry which only represents the inner without embodying it in some external form, or without making us feel the exterior by means of the inner world, is in either case the last stage whence it retrogrades into common life.

Oratory enjoys all the rights and privileges of poetry ; it uses and abuses them in order to obtain certain outward, moral, and immoral ends momentarily advantageous in common life.

The real merit of the so-called *Volkslied* consists in its subject being directly inspired by nature. But the poet of culture could enjoy the same advantage if he knew how to avail himself of it.

As a really educated man, however, he will lack that pithiness of phrase always more or less at the command of simply natural persons.

Only he can judge of history who has had a history of his own. This equally applies to nations. The Germans have only become judges of literature since they have possessed a literature themselves.

We are only really alive when we enjoy the goodwill of others.

Piety is not an end, but a means of attaining the highest degree of culture by perfect peace of mind. Hence it is to be observed that those who make piety an end and aim in itself for the most part become hypocrites.



“One must do more when one is old than when one was young.”

Even the fulfilment of duty leaves a sense of being indebted, because we are never thoroughly satisfied with ourselves.

It is only the loveless who descry defects in others ; to perceive these, therefore, we must become loveless, but not more than is absolutely necessary.

The greatest good fortune is that which amends our imperfections and balances our faults.

We only acknowledge him who is of use to us. We acknowledge the monarch because his government renders our property secure. We expect that he will afford us protection against unpleasant circumstances at home or abroad.

The stream is the miller's friend as well as servant, and rushes gladly over the wheel : what good in creeping listlessly through the valley ?

He who contents himself with simple experience, and acts accordingly, possesses a sufficient amount of truth. The growing child may be called wise in this sense.

The only use of theories is that they make us believe in the connection of phenomena.

Every abstract truth, if practically applied, is brought home to human understanding by action and observation, and so the human understanding is led on to abstract reasoning.

He who pitches his demands too high, and who delights in intricate circumstances, is liable to error.

Inference from analogy is not to be condemned ; the advantage of this method is, that it settles nothing definitely—does not, in fact, aim at finality ; while the danger of induction, on the contrary, consists in the placing before itself of a deliberate aim, and hurrying true and false ideas along with it in its endeavour to reach it.

Ordinary apprehension, or a correct view of human affairs, is the general heirloom of common sense.



Pure apperception of the outer and inner world is, on the contrary, very rare.

The first manifests itself in the practical understanding, and directly through action; the latter symbolically, chiefly in mathematics, by means of forms and numbers, through speech, and in an original, metaphorical manner in the poetry of genius and the proverbs of common sense.

Absent things act upon us by means of tradition. History may be called ordinary tradition; while that of a higher kind is mythical, and nearly related to imagination; but if we still seek a third kind of meaning in it, it is transformed to mysticism. It also easily assumes a subjective character, so that we only appropriate that which is sympathetic to ourselves.

The forces to be taken into account if we wish to be truly helped forward in our development, are: Preparatory, concomitant, co-operative, auxiliary, furthering, strengthening, hindering, and after-working influences.

In contemplation, as well as in action, we must distinguish between what is attainable and what is not: failing this, we can accomplish little either in life or knowledge.

*Le sens commun est le génie de l'humanité.*

The common sense which would pass for the genius of mankind must be judged by its utterances in the first place. If we inquire what are the uses to which it is put by mankind, we shall discover the following: Man is conditioned by wants. If these are not satisfied he grows impatient, and if they are, indifferent. Man, therefore, properly speaking, oscillates between these two states; he turns his understanding, or so-called common sense, to account, to satisfy his wants; but, having succeeded in this, it behoves him to fill up the vacuum produced by indifference. And if this is confined within the narrowest and most necessary limits, he may hope to succeed in his endeavours. But if his wants are of a higher nature, if they transcend the circle of ordinary life, common sense no longer suffices, ceases to be genius, and the realm of error opens out before mankind.



Nothing happens, however foolish, which common sense and fortune may not set right again; but nothing reasonable can take place that chance and folly may not again put out of joint.

A great idea is no sooner embodied externally than it acts in a certain sense despotically; whence its accompanying advantages soon turn to drawbacks. It is possible, therefore, to defend and praise every institution by recalling its beginnings and by demonstrating that everything that was applicable to it at that time must still continue to be so.

Lessing, who had himself to submit reluctantly to various restraints, makes one of his characters say that "no man can be forced against his will". A clever man, of a cheerful disposition, said: "He who wills, must"; while a third person of culture added, "He who comprehends, wills also." They fancied that they had thus embraced the entire circle of apprehension, volition, and necessity. But, on the whole, man's apprehension of things, whatever its nature, determines his conduct; hence nothing is more frightful than active ignorance.

There are two peaceful powers: Justice and Fitness.

Justice claims what is due, Polity what is seemly. Justice weighs and decides; Polity surveys and orders. Justice refers to the individual, Polity to the community.

The history of the sciences is a mighty fugue, in which the voice of nation after nation becomes successively audible.

If a man will perform all that people require of him, he must overrate himself.

And we willingly tolerate his self-esteem if it does not grow absurd.

Work makes the workman.

It is much easier to put oneself in the place of a mind involved in positive error than in that of one which dallies with half-truths.

The pleasure which Germans take in a certain licence in art is due to their bungling propensities; for the bungler shrinks



from acknowledging a right method, lest he annihilate himself.

It is painful to see how a man of remarkable genius often wars with himself, his circumstances, and his times, and consequently never succeeds in his objects. The poet Bürger is a sad case in point.

The highest respect which an author can show the public is not by gratifying its expectations, but by offering what he himself at various times may consider useful and appropriate to the stages of culture attained by himself and others.

There is no wisdom save in truth.

Everybody can detect an error, but not a lie.

The German, having freedom of opinions, does not therefore feel his want of freedom in matters of intellect and taste.

Are there not riddles enough in the world without our making riddles of the simplest phenomena?

The smallest hair casts its shadow.

What things in my life I tried to accomplish under false tendencies, I have nevertheless come to understand at last.

A freehanded disposition is sure to get favour, especially when accompanied by humility.

Ere the bursting forth of the storm, the dust, so soon to be laid, is violently agitated for the last time.

Even with the best will and inclination, one does not easily know his neighbour, and ill-will frequently supervenes, disfiguring everything.

We should know one another better did we not always try to put ourselves on a par with each other.

Eminent men fare badly therefore; as one cannot compare oneself to them, one keeps a sharp look-out for their faults.

Knowledge of man is of far less consequence in the world than to possess the knack, at any given moment, of outwitting the man one has to deal with. This is proved at fairs and by mountebanks.



It does not follow that wherever there is water there must be frogs ; but wherever we hear frogs there is water.

He who knows no language but his own does not even know that.

Errors are not of much consequence in youth, but we must guard against dragging them with us into our old age.

Superannuated errors are fusty, unprofitable lumber.

By the tyrannical folly of Cardinal Richelieu, Corneille had lost confidence in himself.

Nature gets into specialisations—aye, into a blind alley, where she cannot go forward and will not turn back : hence the obstinacy of natural culture.

That metamorphosis in the higher sense which consists in taking and giving, winning and losing, was long since excellently depicted by Dante.

Everybody has a certain something in his nature which, if publicly avowed, must excite displeasure.

When a man begins to ponder over his physical or moral nature, he usually discovers that he is sick.

It is a demand of nature that a man be sometimes lulled without going to sleep ; thence the pleasure from smoking, drinking, and opiates.

It is important for a man of action to do right, but he should not disturb himself as to whether right is done.

Many beat about the wall with a hammer, fancying at every blow that they are hitting the nail on the head.

The French language has arisen not from the written but the spoken words of the Latin tongue.

The casually-actual, in which for the moment we can neither discern a law of nature nor of the will, is called the common.

The painting and tattooing of the body is a return to animalism.

To write history is one fashion of getting rid of the past.



We do not possess what we do not understand.

Not everybody becomes productive on having a germinal idea transmitted to him ; it may only serve to suggest something already quite well known.

Weak-minded persons dispense favours because they consider it a mark of sovereignty.

Nothing is so commonplace but will seem humorous if expressed with a certain oddity of manner.

People always retain sufficient energy to do that of which they are convinced.

Let memory fail so long as you can rely on your judgment at a moment's notice.

The so-called nature poets are men of fresh talents, who have appeared in a stagnant, mannered, and over-cultivated epoch of art,—but rejected by it. They cannot avoid certain platitudes, and may, therefore, seem to have a retrograde tendency ; yet they exercise a regenerating influence, and cause new progress.

A nation has no judgment till it can judge itself. And this great advantage is of late attainment.

Instead of contradicting my words people should act according to my meaning.

The adversaries of an honest cause do but beat on burning coals ; these are scattered abroad and inflame when otherwise they would not have produced any effect.

Man were not the noblest creature on the earth if he were not too noble for it.

One must leave certain minds in undisturbed possession of their idiosyncrasies.

Works of a certain order are now produced which are null and void without being absolutely bad ; null for want of substance, yet not bad, as their authors had the general outline of good models in their mind's eye.

He who shirks the idea ends by becoming incapable of forming conceptions.



We justly call those men our masters from whom we always learn ; but not everyone of whom we learn deserves this title.

Lyrical work ought to be full of reason as a whole, and a little unreasonable in detail.

You are all of you like the ocean, which, distinguished by different appellations, is, after all, nothing but salt water.

Empty self-praise is said to smell amiss ; that may be, but the public has no nose for the detection of unjust blame of others.

The novel is a subjective epic, in which the author asks permission to manipulate the world in his particular manner ; all that concerns us, therefore, is to ask whether he has such a manner, and the rest follows of itself.

There are problematical natures unfit for every condition in which they are placed and satisfied with none. Thence arises the monstrous conflict which consumes life without enjoyment.

The real good we do occurs chiefly *clam, vi et precario* (i.e., secretly, perforce, and accidentally).

It is difficult to be just to the present moment ; if indifferent, it bores us ; the good one has to carry, and the bad to drag along.

I should say the happiest man is he who can link the end of his life with its commencement.

Man is of so obstinately contradictory a nature that he will not allow himself to be forced to his own advantage, yet suffers constraints of all kinds which tend to his harm.

Foresight is simple, afterthought very complicated.

There must be something wrong about a condition which involves one in fresh troubles every day.

Nothing is more common when on the point of committing an imprudent action than to be on the look-out for a possible escape.

It is with true opinions which one has the courage to utter as with pawns first advanced on the chess-board : they may be taken, but they have inaugurated a game which must be won.



It is as certain as it is wonderful that truth and error spring from the same source; we must often, therefore, beware of injuring error lest we injure truth at the same time.

Truth appertains to man, while error is of time. It was, therefore, remarked of an extraordinary man: "Le malheur de tems a causé son erreur, mais la force de son âme l'en a fait sortir avec gloire."

Everybody has peculiarities which he cannot get rid of; and yet, however harmless they may be, they are frequently the cause of a man's failure.

He who seems not to himself more than he is, is more than he seems.

In art and science no less than in action, everything depends on the object being clearly apprehended, and treated conformably to the law of its nature.

When we find sensible and ingenious persons judging meanly of science in their old age, the reason simply is, that their expectations regarding it and themselves had been pitched too high.

I pity those who bewail the mutability of things, and who lose themselves in speculations concerning the nothingness of the world: what are we here for, if not to make the transitory lasting? and this is only possible if we can estimate both at their true value.

What the French call *tournure* is nothing but conceit softened by grace. This may convince us that Germans cannot possibly have *tournure*: for their conceit is hard and crude, their gentleness mild and humble; and, as one quality thus excludes the other, they can never be blended.

Nobody looks any longer at the rainbow which has lasted a quarter of an hour.

It has often happened to me, and does still, that a work of art displeases me on a first inspection, because I am not up to its mark; but if I suspect that it has merits I endeavour to penetrate its secret, and I then invariably make the most



delightful discoveries, descrying new properties in the thing and new capacities in myself.

Faith is a domestic and private capital as there are public savings banks and relief funds, out of which individuals receive assistance in times of scarcity; but here the believer himself silently draws his interest.

The evil of pietism consists not so much in its obstruction of true, useful, and intelligible ideas, as in the circulation of false ones.

It has struck me, after having devoted much attention to the study of the lives of superior and inferior persons, that we might consider them as respectively the warp and woof of the world's web; for the former really determines the breadth of the fabric, whereas the latter regulates its durability and consistence, with the addition, perhaps, of some sort of design. The shears of the Parcæ, on the other hand, control its length, to which all else is finally forced to submit.

Books have a fate of their own, of which nothing can deprive them.

“ Who never ate his bread in sorrow,  
     Who never spent the darksome hours  
 Weeping and watching for the morrow,  
     He knows you not, ye unseen powers.”<sup>1</sup>

A noble and honoured queen was wont to repeat these sorrowful lines when, condemned to the cruellest exile, she herself became a prey to inexpressible grief. She made herself familiar with a work containing these words as well as so many other painful experiences, and derived thence a melancholy consolation. How is it possible thenceforth to arrest an influence already stretching into boundless time?

I was perfectly delighted, when in the Apollo gallery of the Villa Frascati at Rome, to see with what felicitous invention Domenichino has depicted the scenes most appropriate to the character of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; one remembers, too, that

<sup>1</sup> These lines are quoted from Carlyle's translation of *Wilhelm Meister*. The Queen was Louisa of Prussia.



the delight of the pleasantest things is enhanced by being experienced amid magnificent scenery, nay, that noble surroundings lend a certain dignity and significance to even the most indifferent moments of our life.

Truth is a torch, but one of enormous size; so that we try to slink past it in rather a blinking fashion for fear it should burn us.

The Wise have much in common.—*Æschylus*.

A particular want of good sense in many sensible people consists in their not knowing how to interpret what another says when he has not said it exactly as he ought.

Everybody thinks that because he can speak he is entitled to speak about language.

Tolerance comes with age. I see no fault committed that I myself could not have committed at some time or other.

One is never conscientious during action: none but the looker-on has a conscience.

Do the happy really believe that one who suffers is bound to perish with the dignity which the Roman populace required of the Gladiator?

Somebody asked Timon's advice respecting the instruction of his children. "Let them", he replied, "be taught that which they will never comprehend."

There are people towards whom I feel well disposed, and could wish that I were able to be still better disposed.

Even as long habit may induce us to glance at a watch that has stopped, we may look in a fair lady's eyes as though she loved us still.

Hate is an active, envy a passive displeasure; it need not surprise us, therefore, to see how quickly envy passes into hate.

There is a certain magic in rhythm leading us to believe that its sublimity belongs to ourselves.

Dilettanteism taken *au sérieux*, and a mechanical manner of treating science, become pedantry.



Only a master can further art. But patrons may with propriety stimulate the artist himself; this, however, does not always further the interests of art.

“Perspicuity consists in a proper distribution of light and shade.” *Hamann*. Hear, hear!

Shakespeare abounds in wonderful metaphors, which are personified ideas, in fact a manner ill-adapted to our times, but quite appropriate in an age when art of every kind was under the influence of allegory.

He also takes his similes from objects from which we should not borrow ours; as, for example, from books. Printing had already been discovered for more than a century, yet a book was still regarded as a sacred object, as may be gathered from the bindings of that time; and hence it came that the high-minded poet regarded it as something dear and venerable; but our books are merely stitched together, and we are rarely conscious of respect for either cover or contents.

The most foolish of all mistakes consists in young men of sound talents fearing to lose their originality by acknowledging truths which have already been recognised by others.

Scholars have usually an invidious manner of refuting others; an error in their eyes assuming at once the proportions of a crime.

It is impossible that beauty should ever distinctly apprehend itself.

No sooner had subjective, or so-called sentimental poetry been placed on a level with poetry of an objective and realistic tendency, a consummation not to be avoided unless we chose to condemn all modern poetry, than it was to be expected that, even in the case of the advent of men of true poetical genius, they would thenceforth prefer depicting the intimate experiences of the inner life to that of the great and busy world around them. And this method now prevails to such an extent that we actually possess a poetry without tropes, to which one must concede, however, certain merits of its own.

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THOMAS CARLYLE ON "FAUST".<sup>1</sup>*(New Edinburgh Review, April 1822.)*

[THE year 1822 was doubly remarkable in the history of the naturalisation of Goethe in English literature. In it Shelley made his incomparable, though defective, translation from *Faust*; in it, too, he who was to be the chief agent in the introduction of Goethe to England pronounced his first word on the subject. Carlyle had acquired "a weak tincture of German" by February 1819. By August 1820, though terming his study of German literature "slight", he declares that it has "revealed a new heaven and a new earth" to him. Whether he was by that time acquainted with *Faust* we do not know; it is not until April 1822 that he comes forward as a writer on the poem, his essay affording sufficient internal evidence of a thorough acquaintance with it, and of a complete mastery of the language.

It is hoped that the English Goethe Society will be thought to require no apology for impressing Carlyle into the ranks of its contributors by reprinting his essay. As a rule, great caution should be exercised in reproducing works which the author himself has excluded from his collected writings. In this case, however, while Carlyle certainly would not have wished to confer his own immortality upon work in many respects so crude, and in some respects inconsistent with his maturer convictions, it does not follow that he would have objected to its preservation in a select nook for a select public. It is more interesting to investigators of the history of opinion respecting Goethe in this country than to students of *Faust*. The latter will find little that their own researches have not already taught them; but the former will discern in Carlyle's essay the close of one era and the commencement of another

<sup>1</sup> *Faustus : from the German of Goethe.* Boosey and Sons, 1821.



itself partaking of the nature of both. While not altogether exempt from misconception and conventionality, it nevertheless, in the main, proclaims farewell to the age of ignorance, and ushers in the age of intelligent appreciation of *Faust* as a work of high art and sane genius. Carlyle cannot quite free himself from prepossessions; he can hardly understand that a dramatic poem should be other than a stage-play, and is occasionally inclined to try it by a test it was never meant to bear. He seems to regard the neglect of "common dramatic principles" in *Faust* as an apology for what he considers the defects of the piece, instead of the necessary condition of its greatness. Hence neither his blame nor his apology is at all needed, as he himself would in after life have been the first to admit. It is more remarkable—for this we should not have expected—that he has failed to realise the fragmentary character of the First Part. He takes the prison scene for the final catastrophe. "Their earthly history is done, their lots are divided, they meet no more." And he cites Marlowe's lamentation over his own hero as equally applicable to Goethe's. The Second Part must have astonished Carlyle, unless he had previously altered his view, as he probably had.

On the other hand, Carlyle's essay is admirable in what may be called its practical part, the abstract of the plot of *Faust*, and the remarks on the characteristics of the personages. This is not only adequate in itself, but is expressed in language of great power and spirit, which keeps the reader's attention continually alive, and must have conduced to one great end of appreciative criticism, the enkindling of an interest in the book. Even at the present day this sketch might be recommended to a beginner, and whether we consider this practical service, or the reverence due to the writer, or its place as a landmark of opinion, it must be pronounced to possess other claims to preservation than those of a mere literary curiosity.—R. GARNETT.]

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THE title-page of this work excites expectations which the work itself is very little calculated to fulfil. It is no translation of *Faust*, but merely a pretty full description of its various scenes, interspersed at frequent intervals with extracts of considerable length, rendered into clear and very feeble blank verse—generally without great violence to the meaning of the original, or any attempt to imitate the matchless beauties of its diction—the whole intended mainly to accompany a series of plates illustrative of *Faust*, which have lately been engraved by Mr. Moses from the drawings of Retsch, a German artist.

“The slight analysis, drawn up as an accompaniment to Retsch’s *Outlines*, being out of print, the publishers felt desirous to supply its place with a more careful abstract of *Faust*, which, while it served as a book of reference and explanation for the use of the purchasers of the plates, might also possess some claims to interest the general reader. With this view”, etc. We entertain no prejudice whatever against this “more careful abstract”. It seems to be a solid, inoffensive undertaking, founded on the immutable principles of profit and loss, and is accomplished quite as well as could have been expected. But we have felt mortified at seeing the bright aerial creations of Goethe metamorphosed into such a stagnant, vapid *caput mortuum*; and we cannot forbear to caution our readers against forming any judgment of that great foreigner from his present representative, or imagining that *Faustus* affords even the faintest idea of the celebrated drama, the name of which it bears. An avowedly prose translation of the passages selected would have been less unjust to all parties. It would have enabled the author to express the sense of his original with equal gracefulness and far more precision, without inviting such of his readers as know the genuine *Faust* to institute comparisons so distressing, or leading such of them as do not know it to form so erroneous an estimate of its merits. According to this plan, it seems impossible that any stanza like the following—



“ Bin ich der Flüchtling nicht ? der Unbehauste ?  
 Der Unmensch ohne Zweck und Ruh ?  
 Der wie ein Wassersturz von Fels zu Felsen brauste,  
 Begierig wuthend nach dem Abgrund zu—”<sup>1</sup>

could have been transformed so miserably as into

“ Oh ! am I not  
 The fugitive—the houseless wanderer—  
 The wild barbarian without an *object* ?  
 Or like a cataract that from rock to rock  
 With eager fury leaps *heralding ruin* !”

Poetical license and the trammels of verse are all that can be pleaded in extenuation of this and a thousand such unhappy failures. There are others, for which an humbler plea must serve. “*Hör’ auf mit deinem Gram zu spielen*”, the author knows full well cannot mean, “Oh ! learn to dally with your misery”; nor, on reconsidering the matter, will he fail to discover that *alle sechs Tagewerk*” signifies the universe, not “a whole week’s business”; or that

“ *Und dann die hohe Intuition  
 Ich darf nicht sagen wie—zu schliessen*”

cannot be translated by

“ And then the high,  
 The wond’rous intuition ?—I dare not  
 Proceed.”

If such inaccuracies as these had been avoided ; if the book had borne a humbler title, and been sober prose in shape, as it is in substance, though it could not have interested it would not have offended “the general reader”; and purchasers of Retsch’s

<sup>1</sup> This simile is fast degenerating into what Voltaire called *un Suisse*—a simile ready to move at anyone’s bidding. We have met with it repeatedly of late both in poetry and prose—in *Manfred*, *Anastasius*, *The Apostate*, not to speak of others. Byron and Hope spin it into a fine allegory, each in his own fashion. Mr. Shiel, by introducing *frost* into his cataract, has contrived to illustrate very forcibly some doctrines of Martinus Scriblerus on the “Art of Sinking”: *Du sublime au ridicule il n’y a qu’un pas*.



*Outlines* would have taken it with them not the less, which is nearly all the circulation it has any right or chance ever to obtain under any form.

Perhaps we are too severe on this slender performance ; but the sight of it renewed our wish to see *Faust* in an English dress, while the perusal of it mocked all such anticipations. A suitable version of *Faust* would be a rich addition to our literature ; but the difficulties which stand in the way of such an undertaking amount to almost an absolute veto. The merits of a good translation, especially in poetry, always bear some kindred though humble relation to those of the original ; and in the case before us, that relation approaches more nearly to equality than in any other that we know of. To exhibit in a different tongue any tolerable copy of the external graces of this drama, the marvellous felicity of its language, and the ever-varying, ever-expressive rhythm of its verse, would demand the exercise of all that is rarest and most valuable in a poet's art ; while the requisite familiarity with such thoughts and feeling as it embodies could not exist but in conjunction with nearly all that is rarest and most valuable in a poet's genius. A person so qualified is much more likely to write tragedies of his own than to translate those of others ; and thus *Faust*, we are afraid, must ever continue, in many respects, a sealed book to the mere English reader.

Certainly, it is not with the hope of doing much to open it that *we* have taken up the subject. But if we can succeed in describing—though we cannot pretend to exhibit—any of the characteristic features of a work so generally famous, our efforts will not perhaps prove unacceptable to many who know it only by name ; and for ourselves, *Faust* is so great a favourite with us, that a few hours can scarcely be spent more agreeably than in lingering amid the endless labyrinths of thought to which a fresh perusal of it never fails to introduce us.

Goethe is likely to figure in after ages as one of the most remarkable characters of his time ; and posterity will derive from this tragedy their most lively impressions, both of his peculiar excellencies and defects. *Faust* was conceived while



its author was passing from youth to settled manhood, a period of inquietude in every life—frequently, as in his case, of a darkness and despondency but too well suited to furnish ideas for such a work. It was executed when long culture and varied experience had ripened his powers; and under a splendour of reputation, which admitted the most confident, even careless exertion of them; its object is to delineate whatever is wildest and most mysterious in the heart and the intellect of man; and its chief materials are drawn from the heart and the intellect of the writer. In perusing it, accordingly, we seem to behold the troubled chaos of his own early woes, and doubts, and wanderings, illuminated in part, and reduced to form, by succeeding speculations of a calmer nature, and portrayed by a finished master, in all its original vividness, without its original disorder. In studying the scenes of *Faust* we incessantly discover marks of that singular union of enthusiasm with derision; of volatility with strength and fervour; of impetuous passion, now breaking out in fiery indignation, now in melting tenderness, now in withering sarcasm, with an overflowing gaiety, not only sportive and full of the richest humour, but grotesque to the very borders of absurdity, or beyond them, which appears to belong exclusively to Goethe. In *Faust*, too, we trace the subtle and restless understanding, which, at one period or another of its history, has penetrated into almost every subject of human thought; the sparkling fancy, and as a necessary consequence, the boundless command of language and allusion to clothe and illustrate, as if by enchantment, all the conceptions of a most capricious, though lofty and powerful imagination.

Qualities so exquisite have long placed Goethe at the head of German poets; and given him a kind of literary autocracy in his own country, to which nothing with us bears any resemblance. Unlimited power is said to injure the possessor of it; and here, as in more important instances, it has produced its natural effect. Goethe has suffered, as well as profited, by the want of criticism; and traces of his having written for a much too indulgent public are visible in *Faust*, no less than traces of



his wonderful genius. There is a want of unity in the general plan of the work, and there are numerous sins against taste in the execution of it. We do not allude to any of the three superannuated *unities* of Aristotle or the French school; but there is not in *Faust* that unity of interest which we are taught to expect in every work of fiction. The end has too slight a connection with the beginning, the parts with each other, and the general effect is more than once entirely suspended by the insertion of certain incoherent scenes, which it would not be easy to admire anywhere; and nowhere, it might seem at first view, more difficult than here. They resemble the *disjecta membra* of wit and satire, much more than wit and satire themselves; and though not without some gleams of meaning independently of the local and ephemeral topics to which they refer, they are given out in so raw a state of preparation as would undoubtedly expose them to very brief and harsh treatment from any critic but a German one. It were unfair, however, to deny that this strange mixture of pathos, and horror, and dröllery, acquires, on reflection, a secondary beauty, sufficient to cancel much of its original rudeness and apparent incongruity. *Faust* is not constructed on the common dramatic principles, or at all adapted for theatrical representation. It seems to aim at holding up not only a picture of the fortunes and feelings of a single character, or group of characters, but at the same time a vague emblem of the great vortex of human life; and, in this point of view, its heterogeneous composition and abrupt variations, even its occasional extravagance, have a subordinate propriety, as significant of the vast, and confused, and ever-changing object, which the whole in some degree is meant to shadow forth.

The *Tragical History of Doctor Faustus*, by Marlowe, is grounded on the same tradition with this play of Goethe's, but the two pieces have little else in common. The genius of Marlowe was of a kind very dissimilar and very inferior to that of Goethe, and the structure and plan of his *Tragical History* point to an age with many of whose feelings and opinions we are fast losing all sympathy. Marlowe's play derives all its



chief interest from delineating the gloomy and mysterious connection of man with the world of spirits; and presupposes a certain degree of belief in magic and apparitions. He has, in fact, done little more than cast into a dramatic form the story of the "Devil and Doctor Faustus", which used so powerfully to harrow up the soul in the childhood of our grandfathers, and which still produces a pleasing, though far milder effect, on the more sceptical urchins of the present age. The characters are not more happily imagined than the incidents which are intended to display them. His demon is a faltering rueful craven, whom we feel much readier to pity and despise, than to hate or fear. Faustus himself has few qualities to interest us. He is animated, indeed, by a boundless thirst for power and pleasure; but it is power and pleasure of the lowest sort that he covets. His anticipated delights are corporeal; and he longs for the pomp and circumstance of authority—scarcely at all for the bold energies which serve to earn it, and, as exercising which, it is alone, or chiefly valuable, to a high mind. He hopes that

"As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,  
So shall the spirits of every element  
Be always serviceable to us three :  
Like lions shall they guard us when we please,  
Like Almain Ritters with their horsemen's staves,  
Or Lapland giants trotting by our sides.  
Sometimes like women or unwedded maids,  
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows  
Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love."

It is less the uncertainty of human knowledge, than the limited emoluments of a Wittenberg professorship, that disgusts him; and he concludes a mad bargain with the devil, bartering his everlasting happiness against four-and-twenty years of sensual enjoyment, and of vulgar power, which he uses in a way worthy of the bargain, in playing conjurer's-tricks to irritate the Pope or amuse the Emperor, in cheating jockeys and eating loads of hay; and when the hour is come he falls prostrate before his fate, with a frantic terror analogous to the brutal insolence with which he had spent the days of his



prosperity. Marlowe's work is not without some touches of the sublime, and many passages of a luxurious beauty ; but it never could affect the reader deeply, as a whole, and its power of so affecting him is lessening daily.

Goethe's conception, both of Faust and Mephistopheles, bears not only far more relation to the habits of a refined and intellectual age, but is also far more ingenious and poetical in itself. The introduction of magic is but accessory to the main result ; it is intended merely to serve as the means of illustrating certain feelings, and unfolding certain propensities, which exist in the mind, independently of magic ; and the belief we are required to give it is of the most loose and transient nature. Indeed, if we can only imagine that an assemblage like his *dramatis personæ*, so discordant, and so strangely related to each other, has been formed by any means, the author appears to care little whether we believe in it at all ; and throughout the play, glimmering indications frequently become visible of the ridicule with which the characters themselves, whatever they profess in public, inwardly regard the whole subject of *diablerie* in all its branches. Nor does Faust's misery, at any period of his history, spring from so common a source as the dread of his future doom ; "this sun shines on all his sorrows", and it would hardly alleviate them perceptibly, if the hereafter were to be for him an everlasting blank. Mephistopheles, too, is a much more curious personage than formerly. "The progress of improvement", as he himself observes, "has been so considerable of late, that it has extended even to the devil—the northern phantom with horns, and tail, and claws, being no longer visible upon earth". He is a moral, not a physical devil ; and the attributes of his character harmonise with the rest of the intellectual machinery by which Goethe undertakes to work upon our feelings. It is machinery of a much finer and more complex sort than that employed by Marlowe ; the management of it is infinitely more difficult ; but the effect which he makes it produce is also much more ennobling, and reaches much farther into the mysteries of our nature.

Faust is first presented to our notice, seated at his desk, in a narrow Gothic chamber, dimly illuminated by his solitary lamp.



Surrounded with all the materials of study, he is meditating on the vanity and utter worthlessness of all they can lead him to. In early life he has entered upon the search of truth with the fearlessness natural to his ardent temper, solicited by such an object; spurning those consecrated barriers which, though they tend to repress the freedom of thought, often serve also to concentrate its exertions, and thereby increase its results—he has attempted to penetrate the most secret recesses of physical and mental nature; he has now examined all, and nowhere found one satisfactory conclusion. From each keener effort to divine the essence of things, his mind has returned back more faint and full of doubt; and when philosophy, in all its departments, is explored to the utmost limits of human research, Faust finds himself as ignorant as at the outset. Words will not satisfy him, and of real existence he cannot gain the knowledge. There are no first indubitable principles to guide him; and still the universe, study it as he may, appears before him a dark entangled riddle, the meaning of which, if it have any, is impenetrably hidden from men. Nor is it to *know* only that he strives; the sensibilities of his heart have been embarked in this undertaking as well as the faculties of his intellect—he would *feel* as well as understand; and he cherishes vague and vehement longings for some unspeakable communion with the great powers of nature, whose magnificence expands his soul, while their mysteriousness confounds and repels it.

Faust's natural and acquired endowments are high, but his ideas of excellence are vastly higher. All that he *can* appears as nothing in comparison of what he *should*; and this enormous disproportion between what he is, and what he aims with such intense volition to become, forms a never failing source of agitation to his mind. He has gifts which would bear him forward triumphantly to the acquisition of everything that man is permitted to acquire; but all will not satisfy if he cannot overstep the limits with which nature itself has circumscribed him. Meanwhile, those secluded struggles in which the flower of his days is already spent, have estranged him from the cheerful ways of men. Immured in his closet, among books and instruments, and all the dead machinery of art, he has long ago



forsaken the sunny fields of life; friendship, and love, and worldly preferment, have alike been sacrificed at the shrine of science; and science has requited him with vain delusions and baseless chimeras. The spirit which longed to mingle with the cherubim, and explore the darkest arcana of the universe, is shut up within the narrow cell of a college, and reduced to conduct a few boys through the juggling sophistry of scholastic learning. Nor does the magic, to which, in the bitterness of his disgust, he has devoted himself, avail him anything. The beings whom he summons from the vasty deep refuse to admit him to their fellowship. He shudders and sinks when the "flaming countenance" of the spirit of the earth is turned toward him, and finds himself too justly reprov'd for vain glory in imagining that his nature could be raised to a level with it.

Cheated of this forlorn hope, Faust abandons himself to utter despair—he has no longer an object upon earth, and still no rest. The sources of feeling are changed into sources of self-torment; the acuteness of his sensibility, and the force of his will, serve only to augment his sufferings; his superhuman attainments lift him above human sympathy; he envies the sluggish happiness of those around him, still more than he despises the materials of it. His heart is stung to madness when he thinks of what he is, and what he wished to be—"An equal of the gods?" exclaims he, "I am an equal of the worm, which crawls through the dust, which, as it lives and feeds upon the dust, the traveller's step annihilates and buries."

In this tumultuous agony his eye lights on a phial of poison, and one lurid ray of joy breaks in upon him as he determines on self-murder. There is a stern pathos, a wild grandeur in the feelings with which he surveys *this* undisputed proof of human knowledge, this essence of all kind of sleepy juices, by which the pangs of humanity are to be quieted at once and for ever. The lofty hopes of another world dawn upon him, where the soul's ethereal essence shall no more be clogged and cramped by its bodily fetters, where its lordly feelings shall no more be blighted and confounded in the low turmoil of earth. The stream of life is carrying him nearer and nearer to the great ocean; the mirror-wave is glancing at his feet; new day beckons



him to brighter shores. He knows the fearful risk, but there is no alternative; he must boldly turn his face away from this terrestrial sun, and venture through that pass "around whose narrow mouth all hell is flaming", whithersoever it may lead. The cup into which he has now poured the poison recalls to memory his father's house, and the festive nights in which a *different* use was made of this old relic. One last paroxysm of awakened sympathies!—but he dashes them away, and the cup is at his lips. At this instant the choir assembled in the neighbouring church to celebrate the Easter Festival, commence their hymn in worship of our Saviour. Its simple tones, and the solemn warning which the words address to mortals, toiling in this vale of tears, arrest the hand of the suicide; the remembrance of many happy days of pious childhood breaks through that of the agitated and unhallowed scenes which have succeeded; his scared and tortured heart is melted into natural feelings; "tears flow; the earth has back her son."

But Faust's miseries are suspended only for a time. Next day we find him in company with the amanuensis, Wagner—a quiet gerund-grinder, a collator of manuscripts and speculator on classical affairs—"the poorest of all the sons of earth"—whose phlegmatic character and dull pursuits are strongly contrasted with the fervid temperament and unearthly longings of his master. They wander about the fields, now covered with lively groups of the city population, high and low, come out to enjoy the holiday, and make merry according to their respective inclinations. Faust rejoices to find himself "a man among men"; but as evening approaches he falls into his usual reveries, pours out his eloquent impassioned aspirations over the setting sun, and returns home to solitude and gloom as before. The world again appears to him a mournful prison-house, in which a thousand cares are let loose to prey upon the heart, and mock all its higher purposes. He knows not whither to turn for comfort or instruction. The New Testament occurs to him, and he eagerly determines to translate it into his native language, and study it more attentively than ever. But a difficulty stops his progress at the very threshold. "In the beginning was the word," is a statement which he cannot comprehend, and no



alteration he can make on the passage will render it intelligible to him.

In the midst of this perplexity, an evil spirit, Mephistopheles, appears to Faust, and counsels him to lay aside all such vain speculations, to go forth into the world, and enjoy those real pleasures with which its votaries are rewarded. With cold malice, he leads Faust's imagination to contemplate the hopeless barren-disquietude of his actual condition. Faust admits that he has no hope; that, day or night, his anguish never ceases; that existence is a burden to him; and death his only hope. "And yet", rejoins the demon, with a spiteful apathy worthy of him, "a certain man one night did *not* drink out a certain liquor!" Faust's heart is cut by the remembrance of all that he has suffered, and the anticipation of all that he has yet to suffer,—he breaks forth into a bitter and indignant malediction upon life and everything connected with it.

“ Wenn aus dem schrecklichen Gewühle  
 Ein süß bekannter Ton mich zog,  
 Den Rest von kindlichen Gefühle  
 Mit Anklang froher Zeit betrog;  
 So fluch' ich allem was die Seele  
 Mit Lock- und Gaukel-werk umspannt,  
 Und sie in diese Trauerhöhle  
 Mit Blend- und Schmeichel-kräften bannt!  
 Verflucht voraus die hohe Meinung  
 Womit der Geist sich selbst umfängt!  
 Verflucht das Blenden der Erscheinung  
 Die sich an uns're Sinne drängt!  
 Verflucht was uns in Träumen heuchelt,  
 Des Ruhms, der Namensdauer Trug!  
 Verflucht was als Besitz uns schmeichelt,  
 Als Weib und Kind, als Knecht und Pflug!  
 Verflucht sey Mammon, wenn mit Schätzen  
 Er uns zu kühnen Thaten regt,  
 Wenn er zu müssigem Ergetzen  
 Die Polster uns zurechte legt!  
 Fluch sey dem Balsamsaft der Trauben!  
 Fluch jener höchsten Liebeshuld!  
 Fluch sey der Hoffnung! Fluch dem Glauben!  
 Und Fluch vor allen der Geduld!”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> We are sorry that to most of our readers, instead of these beautiful  
 III. H



The tempter now changes his tone. Having worked his victim up to the proper pitch of fierce and desperate scorn for all his earthly lot, he proceeds to set before him the boundless joys he may still secure, by listening to advice and accepting assistance from *him*. Faust hears him—but contemptuously: "How can a wretched fiend", he asks, "comprehend or find enjoyment for the lofty mind of man?" "Yet if it could be so—if I shall ever lie at ease upon this bed of torture; if thy delusions shall ever once cheat me into self-complacency, once betray me with enjoyment; if I shall ever say to any moment, linger! thou art sweet! then cast me into fetters, then hurl me down to ruin, I shall not refuse to go. The great spirit of the earth has spurned me; nature veils herself from my examination; can the future world be worse than this? Living here, I am a slave: what matters whether thine or whose?" Mephistopheles grasps at the offer. The contract is ratified with the

verses, we have nothing to show but the following very dim and distorted image of them:

"Tho' from my heart's wild tempest  
A sweet remember'd tone recovered me,  
And all my youth's remaining hopes respond  
With the soft echo of joys gone by,  
Yet do I curse them all—all—all that captivates  
The soul with juggling witchery, and with false  
And flattering spells into a (this) den of grief  
Lures it, and binds it there. Accursed be  
All the proud thoughts with which man learns to pamper  
His haughty spirit—cursed be those sweet  
Entrancing phantoms which delude our senses—  
Cursed the dreams which lure us to the search  
Of fame and reputation—cursed all  
Of which we glory in the vain possession,  
Children and wife, and slave and plough—accursed  
Be Mammon, when with rich and glittering heaps  
He tempts us to bold deeds, or when he smooths  
The pillow of inglorious dalliance—  
Accursed be the grape's enticing juice—  
Cursed be love, and hope, and faith—and cursed,  
Above all cursed, be the tame dull spirit  
Which bears life's evils patiently!"



usual formalities. He is to be Faust's while *here*, Faust is to be his *hereafter*.

Except the character of Faust himself, that of his new associate is by far the most striking and original in the whole of this wonderful drama. Mephistopheles is not the common devil of poetry, but one much more adapted to his functions. It is evident that he was a devil from the first and can be nothing else. He is emphatically "The Denyer"; he fears nothing, complains of nothing, hopes for nothing. Magnanimity, devotion, affection, all that can sweeten or embellish existence, he looks upon as childish mummary. His powerful intellect enables him to understand all those sentiments and their modes of acting upon men, but the idea of them excites no pleasure in his mind, and he regards all their manifestations as the most weak and ridiculous anility. Pride would be a thing too noble for him, yet his servile conduct proceeds less from natural sycophancy than from an utter contempt of moral distinctions. He feels it no more disgraceful to cringe and fawn, that he may avoid the trouble of asserting and commanding, than it would be to go round the base of a mountain that he might avoid the trouble of going over its summit; it is the easiest mode of accomplishing his purpose in both cases, and nothing more. He might be accused of inordinate vanity, but his unfeigned disregard for the approbation of others gives to his self-esteem a character more sinister than that of ordinary vanity. He cares for the suffrage of no one—irony is the only tone in which he speaks of all things, and the universe itself appears in his eyes little better than a huge puppet-show, and its whole history a paltry farce in which there is nothing to excite any feeling but derision from a rational thinker. He does not even appear to hate any one very deeply. His aim with Faust seems rather that of an *amateur* than of a regular demon; he tempts him chiefly as an intellectual recreation. No doubt his motives, like all motives, are mixed, but he seems in the course of his operations to display, not so much the rancour and envy natural to his profession, as a desire purely scientific, a curiosity to see how ridiculous the empty dreamer, with all his elevations and refinements, his imaginary woes, and still more imaginary joys, will look at last.



In many respects Mephistopheles resembles some French *philosophe* of the last century. There is the perfection of the intellectual faculties with a total absence of the moral; the extreme of fanciful pleasantry and acute thought, with the extreme of arid selfishness and contemptuous apathy. Upon all these passions and emotions which men are ennobled by experiencing, he reasons with the keen sagacity and easy disdain of the most accomplished cynic. The sciences fare still worse with him. Logic, medicine, law, theology, as they pass in review before him, are ridiculed till they seem hardly even worth despising. His wit, and knowledge, and gaiety, and humour, are boundless, but in his hands they do not illuminate—they consume. "It is written on his front that he never loved a living soul." He cannot pity, or admire, or worship—he can only mock. His presence is like a moral Harmattan, the "mortifying wind" of the desert, under which every green thing is parched and dies.

From the moment when Faust connects himself with such a being, his character and conduct become degraded; we pity him not the less, but much of our respect is gone. He seems as if he had thrown away the crown of his manhood, which, though it galled his brow, was still a crown. He has become a slave that he might avoid the duties of a king; and the pleasures of a slave are not suited to his nature. It was himself still more than his circumstances that required change; the wildness of his desires still more than the scantiness of their gratification produced his misery; and the vulgar enjoyments of the world may contaminate him more, but will satisfy him even less than the high though infatuated struggles he has now relinquished. Accordingly, he traverses "the bustling inanity of life: food hovers before his eager lips, but he begs for nourishment in vain". His heart is alternately wounded by the sneers, and betrayed by the wiles of the scoffing demon who guides him, and he loses his dignity without finding peace.

Faust has given up the pursuit of knowledge in disgust; but he has not yet become a mere man of pleasure. Mephistopheles listens with a smile to his vast project of participating in the pains and joys of all the human race, and filling his soul with



human sympathy, since it cannot be filled with the perception of truth and the sympathy of higher natures. All this, according to Mephistopheles, proceeds from the imperfections of his pupil's understanding. The search of truth is but like "thrashing straw", it leads to no result; and those ambitious aspirations serve only to make the fool who entertains them no better than "a beast driven about by an evil spirit within a circle of withered heath, while green pastures lie all about it". To command the services of others, he thinks at least equal to sympathising with their feelings; and, therefore, a wise man should plunge into the rushing crowd of the week-day world; should court power and the only genuine pleasures—those of sense.

With such views the two set out together on their travels; they are first transported to a scene of boisterous merriment in a Leipsic tavern. The rude jollity of these blackguards appears more amusing, as depicted in the graphic poetry of Goethe, than it would if actually exhibited in Auerbach's Keller. It speedily disgusts Faust; and his mentor, after entertaining the toppers with an indescribable song, and at last confounding them by some feats of conjuring, conducts him into a witch's cave. The purpose of their visit is to have Faust restored to youth by the spells of the Hecate; and they wait during her absence considering the singular furniture of her establishment.

There is nothing of the sublime in Goethe's mode of treating sorcery, scarcely anything of the horrible. A kind of solemn absurdity marks all his witches; they have not the malevolence usually imputed to that class of persons; and they appear to live on a very friendly footing with their master, shewing no wish to quit his service now or afterwards. All that distinguishes them from common mortals is the extreme absurdity and coarseness of their general character, and its adaptation to the peculiarity of their position, mid-way, as it were, between the world of spirits and that of men. The latter circumstance also gives them a tendency to survey life and human nature in the abstract, to take comprehensive views of things; and this tendency, combined with the dimness of their intellectual vision, furnishes a copious supply of the most ludicrous hallucinations, tinged with a slight shade of preternatural horror, which



increases its effect. Perhaps, in the present era, this is the best use that can be made of witchcraft. So far as we know, it is peculiar to Goethe.

The return of youth, which Faust greeted as the highest blessing, becomes the means of sinking him into wretchedness for ever, and deeper wretchedness than ever, because it is now mingled with remorse. In crossing the street he first beholds Margaret, and their earthly fortunes are thenceforth indissolubly connected. Margaret possesses no qualities to call forth our admiration, yet the poet has contrived to make us warmly interested in her favour. She is poor and simple; nothing but a young artless girl in humble life. Yet the meek gracefulness of her nature, her innocence of heart, the strength and purity of her first affection—when contrasted with the dark fate that impends over her—excite our pity keenly, and we regret that a class of interests so touching in their lowly completeness, should have been desolated by the intrusion of the wicked and tumultuous passion of a world from which she seemed so far withdrawn. Faust, her lover—for he loves her truly, and with a fervour originating not in her qualities, but his own character—is aware of their relative situation. In the delirium of his feelings he does not forget that the innocent creature, who views him with such adoration that her whole being is, as it were, swallowed up in his, must participate in the ruin which overhangs him. He utters many a bitter self-reproach, and forms many a strenuous resolution to tear himself away. But the violence of his attachment still retains him; the arts of the fiend, whom he despises and hates, yet listens to, at length prevail, and poor Margaret's ruin is completed.

The succeeding scenes exhibit Margaret in a state of anguish, gradually darkening to despair. She has unwittingly destroyed her mother; a drug intended to be only soporific, having by the treachery of Mephistopheles proved a deadly poison, and Valentine, a brave soldier, her brother, and now her only surviving relative, hearing of his beloved sister's disgrace, and hastening to avenge it, dies by the hand of Faust. Valentine appears before us only for a moment, and then expires, but the qualities he displays in that moment make us regret that we see him no



more. He reminds us of Shakespeare's Mercutio. He speaks, with his dying breath, to his sister, in a tone of bitter levity more cutting than the most indignant declamation. Her own heart but too well seconds his reproaches. Alone and unprotected, her friends all killed by her own hand, her seducer fled to escape justice, and infamy approaching to cover her, Margaret has now no stay on earth. Religion itself, which once formed the balm of her life, is now become its bane. In the church, where the choir is chaunting a solemn hymn expressive of the terrors of the last day, an evil spirit is represented as standing behind Margaret, and, applying the most fearful of the denunciations to her, it asks where her mother is? where her brother? and pronounces a woe against her because their blood is on her hands.

Faust and his companion, meantime, are assisting at a very different scene. They have hastened to the Brocken in the Harz mountains, where the sorcerer's Sabbath, the Walpurgis-night, or night of the first of May, is receiving due celebration from innumerable witches and wizards of every age and rank. It is impossible to convey any idea of this extraordinary convention, or of the plan which Goethe has taken to depict it. We behold the mountain and the adjacent forests gleaming with a faint, lugubrious light, and witches in full motion towards it from every point, crowding, jostling, treading each other under foot, sailing in troughs, riding on swine or broomsticks, and capering in all the frantic jollity of their brutish carnival. Goethe appears to have aimed at imitating in his verse the wild uproar which it was his task to describe. It is the *Saturnalia* of poetry as well of witchcraft. An *intermezzo* is represented before the infernal audience on the summit of the mountain. Its title is *Oberon's Golden Marriage*; it treats, like Quevedo's book, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. The interlocutors, who deliver each one verse, are from all quarters of the animal, vegetable, astronomical, theatrical, and metaphysical world, scene-shifters of Weimar, will-o'-wisps, weathercocks, fairies, the Genius of the age, and snuffings of the stars [*Sternschnuppe*]. It is a "universal hubbub wild, of stunning sounds and voices all confused". Feeble glimpses of meaning occur here and there, but the



whole wavers between sense and utter nothingness, and leaves an impression like the first dawnings of thoughts in the mind before they can at all be converted into propositions capable of being contradicted or affirmed.

Faust mingles in this satanic revelry more than we could wish, yet he soon grows tired of it; and we can almost pardon him for having snatched a few moments of enjoyment, or at least forgetfulness, from a source, however mean, when we reflect that they are the last allotted to him. The riotous pastime being ended, he discovers that Margaret has been imprisoned for the crimes which she has committed on his account, and is condemned to die. The agonies of remorse take hold of him at the comparison of her recent miseries and hard doom with the wretched fooleries which have lately occupied him. But the tempest of his feelings moves not Mephistopheles. It is vain for Faust to imprecate a thousand curses on the head of this wicked spirit; the demon listens with profound composure; the victim is now within his toils, and the aid he at last proffers serves only to bring on a more torturing catastrophe. Faust is furnished with the keys, and conducted to the door of the prison where Margaret is confined, while his companion stupefies the jailor, and agrees to wait with his phantom steeds in readiness to convey them all, ere morning, out of danger. But the efforts of Faust prove fruitless. On exploring his way to the cell where Margaret lies confined, he discovers that hardship has already crazed her brain; she is singing a rude ballad when he enters, and mistakes him for her executioner. Few situations can be conceived more excruciating than Faust's. Before him are the ruins of that young mind whose innocence he has destroyed, whose world, just opening with enchantments of which experience had not yet proved the vanity, he has changed into a waste, howling wilderness, and his last hope of saving her even from an ignominious and painful death is rendered vain. He conjures her to fly and he will yet love her and watch over her, but his words suggest no definite idea to her mind; the power of thought is gone, while that of feeling subsists in more than its original strength; the wrecks of memory are confusedly mingled with abrupt sensations of the present, and hurried anticipations of



the future, and over all is heard the wail of blind and degraded woe, more piercing because it is blind and degraded, without claims to respect or hopes of remedy. Goethe has pictured the insanity of Margaret with an almost frightful air of reality. There is a tinge of coarseness intermingled with the wild expression of her distracted feelings; it is not the insanity of poetry, but that of life. She recognises her lover, and her first sentiment is a burst of joy, but her perceptions have no permanency; she replies to his renewed and more earnest supplications for departure with a "Whither?—without is the grave"; she alludes to her murdered child, which she calls upon him to make haste and save; wishes she were past the hill where her mother sits wagging her old grey head, which is heavy with sleep; tells affectingly how she herself would be buried to-morrow, and relapses into dreams which transport her back to the earlier period of their intimacy. He begs her, if she would not kill him, to come away—"the day is dawning". "Day!" she exclaims, "yes it is day—the last day is dawning; it should have been my wedding day! Tell no one you have been with Margaret. Alas! for my garland—it is gone! We shall see each other again, but not at the dance. The mob is rushing, yet I hear them not—the square, the streets, are crowded with them; they hurry me to the block—how they bind and tie me! the bell is tolling—the judgment-wand is broken, every neck shrinks as the axe severs mine. The world lies dumb as the grave!" Mephistopheles appears at the door to chide their "useless lingering and prating"—his horses shiver in the morning breeze, he will wait no longer. Margaret shrieks at the sight of him; she fervently appeals to the judgment of heaven, and prefers death and the loss of her last earthly friend to being where he has any power. The demon observes that "she is judged"; a voice from above adds that "she is saved". Mephistopheles calls Faust to him and departs; the voice of Margaret is heard from within crying after the latter, but in vain—their earthly history is done, their lots are divided, they meet no more.

The work, of which we have traced this brief and imperfect sketch, is undoubtedly one of the most singular that have ever appeared in Europe. We scarcely know under what class to



arrange it, or how to mark out its rank in the scale of literary dignity. As a mere drama its faults are many, and its beauties, though of a high order, are not of the highest. There is not plot sufficient to create dramatic interest; and though many scenes are of great power, and many situations of high tragical effect, they hang too loosely together to constitute a perfect work of this class. Perhaps the most striking peculiarity of the whole performance is the wonderful versatility of talent which it implies. To group together the wicked scornful malignity of Mephistopheles with the pastoral innocence of Margaret, the chaotic gaiety of the Brocken and the impetuous enthusiasm of Faust, was a task which few could have meditated, and none but Goethe could have accomplished. It presupposes a union of poetical and philosophical powers such as have rarely met together in the history of mind.

It is to the character of Faust, however, as displayed in the opening scenes of the play, that we turn for the highest proof of Goethe's genius. They give us the most vivid picture we have ever seen of a species of mental convulsion, at once in the extreme degree moving and difficult to paint. It is the destruction of a noble spirit by the force of its own thoughts; a suicide of the mind, far more tragical than that of the body. Faust interests us deeply at first; he is at the utmost pitch of misery, and has no feeling of self-accusation; he possesses all the grandest attributes of our nature, and has meant to use them well. His fault seems but the want of worldly wisdom, and the lofty, though unhappy constitution of his mind; he has been born with the head of a sceptic and the heart of a devotee; in grasping at the sublime he has lost even the useful; when his earthly hopes are all blasted no moral consolation is in store for him, "he has not an object, and yet he has no rest." The sleepless agitation, the arid, tearless wretchedness natural to a human being so situated, have been delineated by Goethe with a beauty and verisimilitude to which there are few parallels, even in easier subjects. An unlimited supply of the finest metaphors and most expressive language, combines with the melody of the verse to make the earlier part of Faust one of the richest spots in the whole circle of modern poetry.



Faust and Mephistopheles personify the two propensities as implanted by nature and modified by education, to admire and to despise, to look at the world on its poetical or on its prosaic side, which by their combination in different proportions, gives rise to so many varieties of moral disposition among men. It is not without reluctance that, in the play before us, we behold the inferior principle triumphant in the end.

Faust's crimes are many, but his will seems to have had little share in them; even after his connection with the fiend, he feels virtuously, even nobly, though he acts ill; and, when we see Mephistopheles at length succeed in ruining a being so greatly his superior in all respects, it seems as if the spirit of evil were made victorious over that of good, the lower part of man's nature over the higher. But if such be our feeling it is not with the poet that we must quarrel. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die", is the law of nature as well as of revelation; and acts of desperate rashness, though without any purpose morally bad in the author of them, as they produce fatal consequences to the individual or to others, must be punished accordingly. Faust's criminality existed long before he forsook his retirement, or addicted himself to the converse of spirits; it began when he allowed his desires to reach beyond the boundaries wherewith nature had circumscribed them, when he allowed his mind to wander, even in the search of truth, till it doubted the existence of a Providence, and the foundation of moral distinctions. All his subsequent miseries and crimes originated in this, at first view, so pardonable a transgression; and the concluding lines of Marlowe may be applied to his conduct and history, with a sense more extended than Marlowe meant them to bear.

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight ;  
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough  
That some time grew within this learned man ;  
Faustus is gone : regard his hellish fall,  
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise  
Only to wonder at unlawful things,  
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits  
To practise more than heavenly power permits."



We cannot take leave of Faust without adverting to the controversy which has arisen respecting its connection with Manfred. The charge of plagiarism, which Goethe brought forward against Byron some time ago in a German journal,<sup>1</sup> and still more his mode of bringing it forward, gave us pain; we thought it unworthy of Goethe, it shows too much of the author, too little of the man. Goethe may be at ease about his laurels. It has been his fortune to live through a change of dynasty in European poetry, and to be himself, more than any other, instrumental in causing that change. He has created a new literary era in his own country, and none will dispute him the glory not only of having furnished many settled ideas, but what is far more honourable, most important intellectual training to every one of the great minds with whose fame all Europe, and particularly England, "rings from side to side". The man whose writings served to nourish and direct the genius of Sir Walter Scott, whose *Götz von Berlichingen* paved the way for the poetising of Border Chivalry, and thus prepared, afar off, the elements of Scott's Novels, has no need to higgie with Byron about even the property of Manfred. It is not our business at present to enter upon the discussion of the point in dispute. A cursory perusal of *Faust* and *Manfred*, we think, will satisfy any one that both works stand related to each other, that if *Faust* had never seen the light, neither in all probability would *Manfred*. Yet it does not appear to be as parent, but as forerunner, that Faust is related to Manfred. The idea of man's connection with the invisible world is the same in both, but in Byron it is treated solemnly; in Goethe it often furnishes matter of laughter. Manfred, too, is not the same character with Faust; he is more potent and tragical, less impetuous and passionate, and the feeling of remorse is added to that of the uncertainty of human knowledge. In the management of the plot, the two pieces have no similarity, and the impressions they leave on the reader are as different as possible. Byron is not a copyist, but a generous imitator, who rivals what he

<sup>1</sup> If, as is probable, this is the well known review in *Kunst und Alterthum*, Goethe's remark by no means implied a charge of plagiarism. — R. G.



imitates. We have not heard that Goethe has given in any claim to a right of property in *Don Juan*. Perhaps he might, with some prospect of success; but the advantage of succeeding would be small. Mephistopheles is, unfortunately, not a character very difficult to conceive; nor has our countryman presented it under a form likely ever to become very pleasing, or permanently useful. The German devil is a much shrewder fellow than the biographer of *Don Juan*; he sneers as keenly and as comprehensively; he despises with fully more sprightliness and tact; and the taste for physical impurity in all its most disgusting shapes, which his English rival manifests so strongly, is one of the few qualities which the great "Denyer" seems to have acted wisely in denying.

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## Miscellanea.

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### THE GOETHE GESELLSCHAFT, WEIMAR.

ON Saturday, May 26th, the Goethe Gesellschaft held its third annual meeting in Weimar. Many members and guests from a distance were present, and the meeting was extremely well attended. After a short address of welcome by the President, Dr. von Simson (Leipzig), the annual report was read by Hofrat Ruland (Weimar). From this report we learn that the Society is still increasing in numbers, the present number of members, including the English Society, now being 2,927. The financial position of the Society is also most satisfactory. Great pleasure was expressed at the flourishing condition of the English Society, and special reference made to the meeting of the Manchester branch some months ago. It is also expected that a Society will shortly be formed in America.

The paper of the day was read by Dr. Kuno Fischer (Heidelberg). For the theme of his lecture he had taken "Iphigenia", and completely fascinated his audience by his exhaustive, stimulating, and most interesting address. He commenced by saying how utterly impossible it was to imagine the creation of either "Tasso" or "Iphigenia" in the *Sturm und Drang* period; both were begun in Weimar and finished in Italy. "Tasso", according to Goethe's own comparison, grew slowly like an orange tree; "Iphigenia" passed through various stages of development before arriving at the present form, which corresponds with the poet's more mature views. The chief characteristic to which the lecturer drew attention was the religious tone which governs the play, and he showed how only by the utter purity and divine calmness of being Iphigenia succeeded in being the saviour of her curse-laden race. In conclusion, the speaker described the painful care with which Goethe had studied every thought and filed down and improved every expression until the present perfect beauty of feeling and language had been attained.

Professor Fischer was succeeded by Professor Erich Schmidt (Berlin), who gave some most interesting particulars of the newly discovered manuscripts connected with the Second Part of *Faust*. These manuscripts vary considerably from the accepted edition. Not



a word is to be found about the Mothers, nothing about Homunculus, Baccalaureus, or the classical Walpurgis Night : all is more natural, more German, some of the motives even presenting themselves as simple ancient legends, entirely free from mystery. In conclusion, Professor Schmidt announced that these MSS. would soon become public property, as they will be published in the *Jahrbuch*.

This ended the official part of the meeting, and, after the general public had retired, business was proceeded with.

During the afternoon a banquet was held, which was participated in by members and the leading officials of Weimar.

The day closed with a most successful representation at the theatre of *Die Laune des Verliebten* and *Der Jahrmarkt von Plundersweilern*.

E. A. ANDERSSON, née FALK.

28th May 1888, Kurthstrasse, 7, Weimar.

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### THREE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF GOETHE.

THOUGH the following letters are not, strictly speaking, printed for the first time, they have not hitherto been brought to the notice of the public. The originals formed part of the collection of MSS. of Mons. A. Bovet, and at the sale of this collection were printed in the catalogue. The Society is indebted to Dr. Garnett for having detected them, and procured copies before they had altogether escaped the notice of Goethe students.

TO HOFRATH HEINE, GÖTTINGEN.

“ROME, *Jan.* 1787.

“Ew. Wohlgebohren Andenken hat mich auf mehr als eine Weise nach Italien begleitet; jetzt wo ich mich über zwei Monate in Rom befinde, sollte es mir angenehm seyn, auch Ihnen nützlich werden zu können. Wollten Sie mir irgend eine Untersuchung die einen treuen Beobachter am Orte erfordert, irgend eine Art Bestellung auftragen, so würden Sie mir viel Vergnügen machen. Nur müsste ich bitten eine gefällige Antwort bald an mich gelangen zu lassen, unter dem Couverte des H. Tischbein al Corso incontro al Palazzo Rondanini. Ich hoffe die mir übersendeten Bücher werden glücklich



wieder angekommen seyn. Da ich mich zu fortdauerndem geneigten Andenken empfehle."

There is little doubt, as Dr. Garnett has suggested, that the above letter is addressed to Professor Christian Gottlob Heyne, the well-known classical scholar, of the University of Göttingen, who is often mentioned in the second part of the *Autobiography*. Goethe did not become personally acquainted with him until 1801, but Strehlke catalogues two letters to him, the earlier of which, written in July 1788, mentions two previous communications. "I fear", he says, "that you will think me inconsistent, inasmuch as, on my arrival at Rome, I expressed my wish to be of service to you, and then, with the exception of a preliminary answer, have let you hear nothing further from me." This is evidently the first letter referred to.

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TO JOSEPH FRIEDRICH, FREIHERR VON RACKNITZ.

"BRESLAU, *Sept.* 18, 1790.

"Nun hoffe ich in Dresden mit Ihnen noch einige glückliche Tage. Meine Verehrung und Liebe für Sie ist beständig gewesen, und nur durch unsre letzte Zusammenkunft vermehrt worden. Leben Sie recht wohl in Hoffnung eines baldigen Wiedersehens und wenn es möglich ist so machen Sie Sich frey um nach Schandau gehen zu können. Leben sie tausendmal wohl. Ich bringe Ihnen schöne Stufen gewachsenen Schwefels mit."

The date of this letter is between Goethe's two visits to Dresden, made in the year 1790, when he passed through it in July on his way to join the Duke Karl August at the Prussian camp at Breslau, and also on his return in the following October. Freiherr von Racknitz held an office at the Saxon Court. In a letter from Goethe to Körner, of October 1790, he is mentioned as *Hausmarschall*. He had become known to Goethe at Carlsbad in August 1786, who had derived pleasure from his society on account of his interest in art and scientific subjects, especially geology. He was the author of *Briefe über das Karlsbad und die Naturproducte der Gegend*. Two other letters addressed to v. Racknitz from Breslau, of August 26 and September 18, are catalogued by Strehlke. (*Goethes Briefe*, ii, 57.)

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TO SCHILLER.

"EISENACH, Oct. 18, 1795.

"Noch bin ich hier und werde wohl noch erst abwarten was aus den Dingen werden will eh' ich meine Reise weiter fortsetze. Die Oesterreicher sind wieder über den Mayn herüber und umgeben Frankfurt. Vielleicht ist es zwischen ihnen und den Franzosen schon zur Schlacht gekommen. In ein solches Gewirre möcht ich von heiler Haut mich nicht hinein begeben, da ich dergleichen anmuthige Situationen schon kenne. Meinen hiesigen, stillen Aufenthalt habe ich gleich benutzt um Madame de Staël völlig zu übersetzen, mit unter zu versetzen. Eine weibliche Methode u. die französische Sprache machten mir viel zu schaffen und besonders auch die Annäherung ihrer Meinungen an die unsrigen u. die ewigen Abers. Nun bin ich fertig, lasse das Werk drucken u. gleich sollen Sie es haben. Vielleicht lassen Sie es gleich im Ganzen drucken u. bringen Ihre Noten auch in ein Ganzes. Doch darüber wird der Genius u. der Augenblick entscheiden. Schreiben Sie mir doch! Wenn Ihr Brief mich nicht antreffen sollte, wie ich vermuthe, so wird er mir nachgeschickt. Nun denke ich mich gleich an den Roman zu machen, denn wenn ich mich hier nicht vorsätzlich zerstreuen will, so bin ich einsamer und ruhiger als zu Hause. Leben sie recht wohl. Vielleicht sehe ich Sie eher wieder als wir glaubten."

The most remarkable fact about the above letter is, that it has hitherto escaped insertion in the much edited correspondence with Schiller, which was published by Goethe himself. A reference to that correspondence tends to show that its date is misplaced by a few days, and that it was written between the 12th and 15th October 1795—that is, between Nos. 111 and 112 of Miss Schmitz's English translation in Bohn's Standard Library. But it is possible that the printed letters are wrongly dated. Goethe had just completed a translation of Mme. de Staël's *Influence des Passions*, which Schiller intended to print with an introduction or notes in *Die Horen*, the lady being then personally unknown to both. Goethe had started with the intention of paying a visit to Frankfort, but at Eisenach, where he stayed a few days, he found that the military operations



of the French against the allied armies rendered his plan impracticable, whereupon he returned to Weimar. He refers to his former experiences in the campaign in France. The novel alluded to is of course *Wilhelm Meister*, part of which Schiller had already seen in MS.

E. BELL.

### LORD TENNYSON AND GOETHE.

IT may be in the recollection of the reader that in October 1887 the Rev. Dr. Gatty, in reply to a question in *Notes and Queries*, stated, according to a paragraph in *The Times*, that it was Goethe to whom Lord Tennyson, in the first stanza of his "In Memoriam", referred; that he had obtained this information from the Laureate himself, who, however, was unable to point out the, or any particular, passage in the German poet's works to which such reference was made by him. Thereupon followed in *The Times* a series of letters, the writers of which seemed unwilling to accept or rest satisfied with Lord Tennyson's own statement, and suggested other sources from which he may have derived the idea expressed in the stanza alluded to, which, for the reader's convenience, I may perhaps be allowed to quote here:

"I held it truth, with him who sings  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."

No German scholar, resident in England, having come forward to aid Lord Tennyson's memory and to indicate at least one of the passages in Goethe, if not the principal one, to which the Laureate may possibly have referred, it may, perhaps, be interesting to the English reader if I now, however, venture to do so, naturally under his Lordship's correction, should I have gone astray in my search for the passage in question. The tardiness is owing to an untoward circumstance, which prevented me for above three months from using my pen, not to the difficulty of the search. For in that I was favoured by a strange coincidence, which led at once to the discovery of the passage. It happened that almost simultaneously with the above-mentioned paragraph in *The Times* there appeared in a Leipsic weekly, *Die Grenzboten*, a paper under the heading of "A non-recognised Verse of Goethe's", from the pen of a well-known, though anonymous Goethe scholar. On a tour through the Thuringian forest fifteen years ago, the writer relates, he visited the specially



beautiful valley called the *Kömbachthal*, at the entrance of which is seen on the one side a rocky hill, named by the inhabitants of that part the "Goethe rock", because he was fond of ascending it, and bearing the poet's name, too, inscribed on it in golden letters, while on the other side there is a picturesque mill for grinding corn into flour. In a room in that mill he found a visitors' book, in which, among visitors from Gotha, Rudolstadt, etc., appears Goethe's name in his own handwriting, and beneath it his fellow-traveller's, Von Fritsch, with the date of August 28th [which, by the way, as is well known, was Goethe's birthday], 1831.<sup>1</sup>

Annexed to the visitors' list, our writer proceeds to narrate, he found a leaf inserted, on which were written, though neither in Goethe's nor in his fellow-traveller's hand, the following stanzas—

"Lange hab' ich mich gesträubt,  
Endlich gab ich nach :  
Wenn der alte Mensch zerstäubt,  
Wird der neue wach.  
Und so lang du das nicht hast,  
Dieses: Stirb und werde !  
Bist du nur ein müder Gast  
Auf der dunkeln Erde."

The first of these stanzas was quite new to him, but the longer he examined it the stronger grew his conviction that it was a genuine Goethe production, could have emanated from his mind alone, and that both as regards form and contents—an opinion which, I am sure, will be shared by all the connoisseurs of Goethe. The question now was how to reconcile this conviction with the circumstance of the writing not being Goethe's. But on inquiry the proprietor of the mill informed him that the original leaf with the poet's own handwriting had once been stolen, and his predecessor had thereupon got it replaced from memory. The transcriber had evidently taken great pains, and copied the verses in a beautiful hand. The writer of the paper justly adduces as a further argument in favour of his conviction that a forger would doubtless have endeavoured to imitate the poet's handwriting.

But I am here more concerned with the second stanza, this being the one which I believe to have been referred to by the Laureate. It is found in the "West-Oestliche Divan", as the last stanza of the poem "Selige Sehnsucht", of which again, for the convenience of

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<sup>1</sup> According to Düntzer, Goethe was at Ilmenau on August 28th, 1831.  
—(E D.)



readers who may not have easy access to the works of Goethe, I will take leave to quote here the four stanzas preceding the last, cited above.

“Sagt es Niemand, nur den Weisen,  
 Weil die Menge gleich verhöhnet!  
 Das Lebendge will ich preisen  
 Das nach Flammentod sich sehnet.  
 In der Liebesnächte Kühlung,  
 Die dich zeugte, wo du zeugtest,  
 Ueberfällt dich fremde Fühlung  
 Wenn die stille Kerze leuchtet.  
 Nicht mehr bleibest du umfassen  
 In der Finsterniss Beschattung,  
 Und dich reisset neu Verlangen  
 Auf zu höherer Begattung.  
 Keine Ferne macht Dich schwierig,  
 Kommst geflogen und gebannt,  
 Und zuletzt, des Lichts begierig,  
 Bist du Schmetterling, verbrannt.”

In the third line of the next and last stanza, as printed in all editions, there is a slight variation from that quoted above, the reading for “*müder*” being “*trüber*”. The poem having been composed, as we know from the commentators, as early as 1814, and printed in 1816, while the inscription on the leaf in the visitors’ book in the Kömbach valley bears the date of 1831, Goethe must be supposed to have himself committed a *lapsus memoriæ* in quoting his own lines, or may have intentionally substituted the “*müder*” for the original “*trüber*”.

From G. von Loeper’s commentary, it appears that the first Ghasele in Hafis’ “*Divan*” is the source whence Goethe derived the ideas conveyed in this poem of his, and that the same images occur several times in Hafis, as well as in many other Persian poets.

Goethe himself, too, as Lord Tennyson expresses it, “sings the truth” conveyed in the stanzas quoted “in divers tones”. Thus, under the heading “*Talismane*”, in the first book of the “*Divan*”, the same in which the former are met with, he sings:

“Ob ich Irdsches denk und sinne,  
 Das gereicht zu höherem Gewinne.  
 Mit dem Staube nicht der Geist zerstoßen,  
 Dringet, in sich selbst gedrängt, nach oben.”

And does not the same idea underlie the Second Part of *Faust*, that mystifying drama, which has so puzzled the commentators, and



of which even Mr. Lewes himself, who had so deeply entered into the spirit of Goethe's works, and written so wisely of the First Part, says, "It is dignifying failure with a philosophic purpose"? And yet he immediately after quotes Goethe's own words on the subject: "I could not help wondering that none of those who undertook a continuation and completion of my Fragment should have conceived the idea, which seemed so obvious, that the *Second Part must necessarily be carried into a more elevated sphere, conducting Faust into higher regions under worthier circumstances.*" Indeed, the drift and motive and spirit of the Second Part is, I opine, expressed in the line—

"So seek that highest life for which I'm panting"—

put into Faust's mouth, as Bayard Taylor translates it.

Be that, however, as it may, I would not venture to insist upon having discovered the real clue to the mysteries of that drama, or found a solution of all its enigmas. Indeed, I have not started with any such purpose in view, but have merely wished to settle a point, which at the time it was mooted and discussed in *The Times* gave rise to what I cannot forbear calling a ludicrous controversy, the writers of the letters to that journal seeming to think they knew better than Lord Tennyson himself to which poet he referred in the stanza in question.

DAVID ASHER.

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IN a volume entitled *Charakteristiken*, by Erich Schmidt,<sup>1</sup> which has been forwarded to the Society by the Wiener Goethe-Verein, we find an explanation of a name which has puzzled readers of Goethe's early correspondence. It occurs in a letter to Salzmann (28th November 1771): "Would you be so kind as to get back the comedy from O-Ferol, or whoever else may have it"; and again, about the same time: "I am sorry for poor *O-ferul*. He had a true heart." It evidently indicated a fellow-student, and has been supposed to be a nickname; but Herr Schmidt, in looking over the list of matriculations at Strasbourg, has discovered the following entry (12th October 1770), "Fridericus Wilhelmus ô Feral Dresdensis, log. bei H. Hau." This is no doubt the same person; the name is probably a Germanised form of O'Farrel, or O'Ferrall, though that its owner was not a born Englishman or Irishman is evident from the fact that the entries are in autograph. Schmidt mentions a Leipsic merchant of the same name, O'Feral.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Berlin, Weidmann, 1886.

<sup>2</sup> In the current number of the *Goethe Jahrbuch*, Dr. Schmidt notes



The same volume, amongst various literary or historical essays, contains articles on "Faust and the Sixteenth Century", showing that the Faust legend is essentially an offspring of the Renaissance, with an appreciative criticism of Marlowe's play; on "Frau Rath Goethe", "Frau von Stein", "Marianne-Suleika", etc. In one, which is a review of the latest contribution to Friederike literature by P. F. Lucius, pastor of Sessenheim (Friederike Brion in Sessenheim, 1877), the author notes the fact that in *Dichtung u. Wahrheit* the name of that village is spelt by Goethe Sessenheim, and that the directors of the strategic railway, which now has a station there, have adopted the idyllic in preference to the popular spelling of the name. After this it is hard indeed to say where the domain of poetry ends.

There is also an article, "Aus der Wertherzeit", based on Loeper's edition of the letters to Sophie von La Roche and Bettina Brentano. It concludes with several contemporary references to the publication of *Werther*, which appear to have been hitherto unprinted.

E. B.

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#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE Secretary acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following books and pamphlets:—

1. Charakteristiken von Erich Schmidt. Berlin : Weidmannsche Buchhandlung, 1886. (Presented by the Wiener Goethe-Verein.)
2. Goethe's Willkommen und Abschied. Herrn Wilhelm Hertz zum 1. Januar 1887 gewidmet. Von Richard Maria Werner. Lemberg : 1887. (Presented by the Author.)
3. Vierteljahrschrift für Litteraturgeschichte. Unter Mitwirkung von Erich Schmidt und Bernhard Suphan herausgegeben von Bernhard Seuffert. Erster Band. Erstes Heft. Weimar : Hermann Böhlau, 1888. (Presented by the Publisher.)
4. Eine Studie über Goethe's "Iphigenie auf Tauris". Von Wilhelm Bittmann. Hamburg und Leipzig : Verlag von J. F. Richter, 1888. (Presented by the Author.)

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that the same name is found in the Leipzig matriculations, as follows, "1767, d. 13 Juni Friedr. Wilh. O Feral Dresdensis", so that it is more than probable that Goethe's acquaintance with him began there. *Dresdensis* may only denote his birthplace : there was a J. F. O. Feral, Mint-master, who lived on the Pleissenburg at Leipzig, and was therefore a neighbour of Goethe's friend, Professor Oeser. (See *G. Jahrb.*, ix, p. 242.)

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# THE ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY.

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# The English Goethe Society.

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## THIRD ANNUAL REPORT

*OF THE COUNCIL,*

PRESENTED TO THE BUSINESS MEETING, FEBRUARY 19, 1889.

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ONE of the first acts of the Council appointed at the last Annual Business Meeting was to elect a President for the term of two years in accordance with Rule V. The choice fell on Professor Edward Dowden, of Dublin University, one of the Vice-Presidents, who seemed specially marked out for the office, as, in addition to his comprehensive knowledge of GOETHE literature, the idea of forming an English Society to promote the study of the works of Goethe emanated from him. Professor Dowden promptly responded in the following terms: "It comes upon me as a surprise that two years have passed since the English Goethe Society was founded, and as a complete and happy surprise, too, that the Council should have done me the honour to invite me to be President of the Society in succession to the distinguished man whose term of office has expired. I certainly cannot but accept that honour, and do my best to fulfil the duties of the office as worthily as I am able. At least, my interest in Goethe is profound, and no one can have a fuller sense of the amplitude of his mind and of his work."

On the 28th of June our new President delivered his Inaugural Address, since circulated in pamphlet form among the members, on "Goethe in Italy." As in 1886, the Westminster Town Hall was selected for the Meeting, and was well filled both by members and visitors. The gathering would doubtless have been still larger had not the lamented death of the Emperor Frederick been too fresh in people's minds, many of our friends being



indisposed to take part in proceedings savouring in any degree of a festal character. In addition to the Address, the Meeting had the gratification of listening to some excellent instrumental and vocal music by eminent *artistes*, Mr. Oscar Beringer executing a pianoforte solo and Madame Sophie Löwe and Herr Robert Kaufmann singing a few well-chosen Goethe *Lieder*. The Council, on behalf of the Society, heartily acknowledges these gracefully-rendered favours.

The only paper read at an Ordinary Meeting at University College was by Mr. W. F. Kirby, who contributed, on April 17, "A Translation of *The New Paris*, with Notes." It must be admitted that the meetings held at University College, Gower Street, have not been successful; and it has become a question whether they should be continued. On the other hand, the meetings of the two existing London branches, held, by the kindness of individual members, at private houses, have been well attended and much appreciated, seeming to point to a demand for the infusion of the social with the purely intellectual element in the proceedings of metropolitan gatherings.

The North London Branch met three times during the past year for the reading of papers. Mr. F. E. Weiss, B.Sc., contributed a paper on Goethe's Biological Theories; Mr. W. D. Scull one on Goethe's presumed attitude on Socialistic questions; and Mr. Kirby discussed "The New Paris," a tale of Goethe's youth. On the 28th of April a series of *Tableaux Vivants* were arranged at the Hampstead Library. Passages from Professor Tomlinson's translation of *Hermann und Dorothea* were read, and illustrated by nine *Tableaux*. The Branch having discussed the mysterious fragmentary poem entitled "Die Geheimnisse" in December 1887, three illustrative *Tableaux* were presented, the poem itself being read by Dr. Oswald. The "Mignon" scenes from *Wilhelm Meister* were also illustrated in the same manner.

The West London Branch opened the year's proceedings with a Concert for members and friends at Queen's Gate Hall, South Kensington, on January 21st. Mr. Walter Bache, so well known for his endeavours to spread a taste for the music of Wagner and Liszt, proposed to Mr. George Henschel a joint performance of Liszt's "Faust Symphony," for the benefit of the Society, a



proposal which was cheerfully acceded to; and members had the pleasure of listening to a fine rendering of Liszt's work, as well as to the admirable singing of Mr. William Shakespeare and a choir of the "Deutscher Liederkranz." It is sorrowful to have to record that this was almost the last occasion on which Mr. Bache was permitted to render a service to musical art. His loss is also no slight one to our own Society. Mr. Henschel's services on the above and other occasions seemed to your Council deserving of particular recognition, and it is believed the members will feel the Society is honoured by his enrolment in the list of its Vice-Presidents. On the 25th of February, the members of the West London Branch read *Egmont*; and on the 24th March a paper was read by Mr. A. Rogers, on the *Westöstliche Divan*. Cordial mention should be made of the services rendered, in arranging these meetings, by Mr., Mrs., and Miss Ashbee, to whose untiring efforts the success of the South Kensington Concert was also largely due.

Turning to the provinces, we find that Manchester retains its pre-eminence as the centre furnishing by far the largest contingent of non-metropolitan members, and as excelling all others, the Metropolis not excepted, in accomplishing valuable literary work. It will be most satisfactory to give the report of our zealous local secretary Dr. Hager, in his own words:—

"Our officers for 1888 have been: *President*—Prof. A. W. Ward, Litt.D., LL.D., Vice-Chancellor of the Victoria University. *Vice-Presidents*—P. Goldschmidt, Esq.; Prof. J. G. Greenwood, LL.D., Principal of the Owens College; Emil Liebert, Esq., German Consul; G. Milner, Esq., President of the Literary Club; Rev. P. Quenzer, and H. Samson, Esq. During the year seven Ordinary Meetings were held, viz., on Jan. 25th, Prof. A. Schuster, 'Goethe's Theory of Colours'; on Feb. 18th, Prof. Lobenhoffer, 'Friedrich Theodor von Vischer u. Kritische Bermerkungen über den Prolog im Himmel aus Goethe's *Faust*'; on March 24th, Prof. A. S. Wilkins, 'The *Iphigenia in Tauris* of Euripides and of Goethe'; on April 28th, Dr. Kuno Meyer, 'Joseph Charles Mellish'; Mr. H. Preisinger, 'The Oldest Version of Goethe's *Faust*'; on October 27th, Dr. G. H. Bailey, 'Goethe as a Student of Chemistry'; and the Hon. Sec., 'The New Weimar Edition of Goethe's Works'; on November 17th, Miss Gaffron, 'Herder and



Goethe in Strasburg'; on December 5th, Mr. H. S. Wilkinson, 'Goethe as a War Correspondent.' Besides these papers the following short Notes were contributed by the President: On Dr. Bielschowsky's article, 'Die Urbilder zu *Hermann und Dorothea* in Preuss. Jahrb. 1887'; by Rev. F. F. Cornish, 'K. T. Moritz'; and by the Hon. Sec., 'On Dr. Goebel's Note on the Source of Goethe's *Goldschmidgesell*, in *Modern Language Notes*, May 1887'; "On the Identification of the Grave of Goethe's Wife," etc. The Meetings were held, by kind permission of the Council, in the Owens College. The library, which is housed in the Owens College, consists of 65 works in 117 volumes."

Compared with the foregoing brilliant record, the reports of doings in other parts of the country are of minor importance. The Rev. A. B. Morris states that the Edinburgh Branch has read and discussed portions of *Faust*, *Reinecke Fuchs*, and *Goetz von Berlichingen*. "At a special meeting," he says, "we were favoured with a lecture by Professor Blackie. Invitations were issued to a considerable circle of friends. In a fascinating manner the Professor discoursed on the Life, Services, Intellect, Character, and Wisdom of Goethe." At the older Universities of the United Kingdom but little seems to have been achieved during the year just closed. From Birmingham our local secretary reports that "the proceedings during the six meetings last year consisted of the reading of Goethe's *Faust* with certain commentaries on it."

A volume of "Original Papers and Reprints" has, in addition to the President's Address before referred to, been issued to Members. This volume might easily have been enlarged, but the Committee to whom Papers were referred for examination thought the good name of the Society required that originality of treatment, as well as correctness of detail, should be deemed essential in the Society's *publications*, although compilations might often be read at meetings with advantage. A copy of the list of printed books contained in the British Museum under the heading GOETHE has been placed in the hands of every subscriber.

Full subscribers have had the further advantage of receiving this year two publications from Weimar, viz., the *Jahrbuch*, and the curious and interesting reproduction of Goethe's original drawings.



In conclusion, the Council desire earnestly to impress upon Members the need of increasing the strength of the Society in point of numbers, as well as of individual effort in furthering its aims.

*Meetings of the Council (8).*

| MEMBERS.                    | RESIDENCES.           | Attend-<br>ances. |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|-------------------|
| Mr. Bell . . . . .          | London . . . . .      | 5                 |
| Mr. Browning . . . . .      | Cambridge . . . . .   | 0                 |
| Prof. Buchheim . . . . .    | London . . . . .      | 7                 |
| Dr. Coupland . . . . .      | London . . . . .      | 8                 |
| Mr. Courtney . . . . .      | Oxford . . . . .      | 0                 |
| Miss Emerson . . . . .      | London . . . . .      | 2                 |
| Dr. Garnett . . . . .       | London . . . . .      | 4                 |
| Mr. Heinemann . . . . .     | London . . . . .      | 1                 |
| Prof. Herford . . . . .     | Aberystwith . . . . . | 0                 |
| Miss Lee . . . . .          | Cambridge . . . . .   | 0                 |
| Mr. Muirhead . . . . .      | London . . . . .      | 3                 |
| Prof. Napier . . . . .      | Oxford . . . . .      | 0                 |
| Mr. Nutt . . . . .          | London . . . . .      | 8                 |
| Dr. Oswald . . . . .        | London . . . . .      | 7                 |
| Mr. Tatton . . . . .        | London . . . . .      | 3                 |
| Miss Thomson . . . . .      | London . . . . .      | 2                 |
| Prof. Tomlinson . . . . .   | London . . . . .      | 3                 |
| Mr. Schütz Wilson . . . . . | London . . . . .      | 3                 |



## RULES.

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I. The Society shall be called THE ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY.

II. The Society is formed to promote and extend the study of Goethe's work and thought, and to encourage original research upon all subjects connected with Goethe.

III. The Society shall consist of two classes of Members—(1) Those subscribing one guinea per annum, thereby obtaining enrolment in the Weimar *Goethe-Gesellschaft* and receiving its publications; and (2) those subscribing half a guinea per annum, and obtaining all the privileges of membership except those of enrolment in the German Society and receipt of its publications.

All subscriptions are payable in advance on the 1st of January in each year.

IV. The affairs of the Society, including the admission of Members, shall be managed by a Council composed of eighteen Members, of whom two-thirds must be resident in London or its vicinity; who shall, from among themselves, elect a Treasurer, and a Secretary or Secretaries.

V. The Council shall elect a President and Vice-Presidents. The President shall be elected for a term of two years, and shall not be eligible for two consecutive terms.

VI. The President and Vice-Presidents shall be *ex-officio* Members of Council.

VII. The affairs of the Society shall be transacted, and its Meetings held, in London; but the Council is authorised to form Branches, and appoint Local Secretaries.

VIII. The Meetings of the Society shall be held in February, April, June, October, and December.

IX. The Meeting in June shall be reserved for the President's Address, and shall be open to the public on such conditions as the Council may determine.



X. The February Meeting shall be the Annual Business Meeting—(1) To receive the Report and financial statement of the Council; (2) to elect the Council and two Auditors for the ensuing year; and (3) to discuss any matter connected with the conduct or constitution of the Society, of which one month's previous notice has been given in writing to the Secretary.

XI. The nominations of candidates for election on the Council, or as Auditors, signed by two Members, shall be sent to the Secretary a fortnight before the Business Meeting; but no Member of the retiring Council who has failed to attend one-fourth of the Meetings to which he shall have been summoned, shall be eligible as a Member of Council for the ensuing year.

XII. One week previous to the Business Meeting notice shall be sent to each Member of the business to be entertained thereat. Elections (in the event of a contest) shall be by means of ballot papers distributed at such Meeting.

XIII. For General Meetings of the Society, seven Members; for Meetings of the Council, five Members; and for those of Committees or Sub-Committees, three Members, shall form a quorum.

XIV. At all Meetings the Chairman has a vote; and, if the votes be equal, also a casting vote.

XV. Every Member (whose subscription shall not be in arrear) shall be entitled to a copy of the Society's publications, either gratuitously or at privileged rates.

XVI. At all ordinary Meetings, Members may introduce one friend.

XVII. The Council is empowered to fill up all vacancies that may occur during their tenure of office.

XVIII. All offices of the Society shall be honorary.

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*Dr.*

## BALANCE SHEET,

|                                          |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |       |    |    |
|------------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-------|----|----|
| Dec. 1, 1887.                            |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     | £     | s. | d. |
| To Balance forward                       | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 60    | 11 | 6  |
| „ Subscriptions received, viz. :         |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     | £     | s. | d. |
| 3 for 1886 at 21s.                       | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 3     | 3  | 0  |
| 45 „ 1887 „                              | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 47    | 5  | 0  |
| 175 „ 1888 „                             | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 183   | 15 | 0  |
| 26 „ 1888 at 10s. 6d.                    | ..  | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 13    | 13 | 0  |
| 4 „ 1889 „ 21s.                          | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 4     | 4  | 0  |
|                                          |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     | <hr/> |    |    |
|                                          |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     | 252   | 0  | 0  |
| „ West London Branch, Surplus on Concert | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0     | 15 | 0  |

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£313    6    6

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## ASSETS.

|                                                      |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |    |    |
|------------------------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|----|
| To Balance in hand                                   | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | £   | s. | d. |
| „ Cost of Printing “Address,” by desire of President | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 108 | 6  | 1  |
|                                                      |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     | 3   | 13 | 9  |

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£111   19   10

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To Balance (actual surplus for 1888)    ...    ...    £50   1   5



to Dec. 31st, 1888.

*Cr.*

|                                                                                                |     |                 |     |     |     |     | £    | s. | d. |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|-----------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|------|----|----|
| By Manchester Branch—Expenses for Library, etc.                                                | ... | ...             | ... | ... | ... | ... | 17   | 15 | 0  |
| „ Arrears (incomplete subscription)                                                            | ... | ...             | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0    | 1  | 0  |
| „ West London Branch—Expenses per Hon. Sec.                                                    | ... | ..              | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0    | 3  | 0  |
| „ Subscription to Vienna Society                                                               | ... | ...             | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0    | 8  | 4  |
| „ Subscriptions to Weimar Society, per D. Nutt, viz.—                                          |     |                 |     |     |     |     |      |    |    |
| 1886                                                                                           | ... | 2 Subscriptions |     |     |     |     |      |    |    |
| 1887                                                                                           | ... | 65              | „   |     |     |     |      |    |    |
| 1888                                                                                           | ... | 150             | „   |     |     |     |      |    |    |
|                                                                                                |     |                 |     |     |     |     |      |    |    |
|                                                                                                |     | 217 at 10s. 6d. | ... | ... | ... | ... | 113  | 18 | 6  |
| „ British Museum for Goethe Catalogue                                                          | ... | ...             | ... | ... | ... | ... | 15   | 0  | 0  |
| „ President's Address, cost of printing                                                        | ... | ...             | ... | ... | ... | ... | 3    | 13 | 9  |
| „ Fee for use of University College for five meetings during 1887                              |     |                 |     |     |     |     |      |    |    |
| and to June 1888                                                                               | ... | ...             | ... | ... | ... | ... | 5    | 0  | 0  |
| „ Hire of Westminster Town Hall                                                                | ... | ...             | ... | ... | ... | ... | 4    | 4  | 0  |
| „ Miscellaneous Printing and Stationery, including post-cards, wrappers, and envelopes, viz.:— |     |                 |     |     |     |     |      |    |    |
| Printing Report                                                                                | ... | ..              | ... | ... | ... | ... | 8    | 10 | 6  |
| „ Stationery for N.W. Branch                                                                   | ..  |                 |     |     |     | ..  | 2    | 0  | 0  |
| „ „ „ W. „                                                                                     | ..  |                 |     |     |     | ..  | 8    | 7  | 6  |
| General                                                                                        | ... | ...             | ... | ... | ... | ... | 17   | 15 | 8  |
|                                                                                                |     |                 |     |     |     |     |      |    |    |
|                                                                                                |     |                 |     |     |     |     | 36   | 13 | 8  |
| „ Copying at B.M. (Carlyle on Faust)                                                           | ... | ...             | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0    | 19 | 0  |
| „ Clerical work and postage, per Assistant Sec.                                                | ... | ...             | ... | ... | ... | ... | 2    | 9  | 6  |
| „ Fees per Hon. Secretary                                                                      | ... | ...             | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1    | 9  | 6  |
| „ Postage „ „                                                                                  | ... | ...             | ... | ... | ... | ... | 2    | 6  | 6  |
| „ „ „ Treasurer                                                                                | ... | ...             | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0    | 15 | 8  |
|                                                                                                |     |                 |     |     |     |     |      |    |    |
|                                                                                                |     |                 |     |     |     |     | 3    | 2  | 2  |
| „ Sundry Bank charges                                                                          | ... | ...             | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0    | 3  | 0  |
| „ Balance at Bank                                                                              | ... | ...             | ... | ... | ... | ... | 108  | 6  | 1  |
|                                                                                                |     |                 |     |     |     |     |      |    |    |
|                                                                                                |     |                 |     |     |     |     | £313 | 6  | 6  |

Examined and found correct, 11th January, 1889,

(Signed)

SYDNEY WILLIAMS.  
JOHN T. PUNNETT.

## LIABILITIES AT DATE.

|                                                     |     |     |     |     |     |     | £    | s. | d. |
|-----------------------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|------|----|----|
| By D. Nutt for twenty-eight subscriptions to Weimar | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 14   | 14 | 0  |
| „ „ „ postage of publications                       | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 9    | 1  | 2  |
| „ „ „ Clerical work                                 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 2    | 10 | 9  |
| „ Whiting for “Transactions”                        | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 35   | 8  | 0  |
| „ „ „ Sundries (less discount)                      | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0    | 4  | 6  |
| „ Balance                                           | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 50   | 1  | 5  |
|                                                     |     |     |     |     |     |     |      |    |    |
|                                                     |     |     |     |     |     |     | £111 | 19 | 10 |



## MEMBERS.

H.R.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

- Addison, Rev. W., The Manse, Warenford, Chathill  
 Alexander, S., M.A., Lincoln College, Oxford  
 Alford, R. G., 1, Edinburgh Mansions, S.W.  
 Althaus, Prof. F., Ph.D., 4, Winchester Road, South Hampstead, N.W.  
 Ashbee, H. S., 53, Bedford Square, Bloomsbury, W.C.  
 Ashbee, C. R., 53, Bedford Square, Bloomsbury, W.C.  
 Ashbee, Mrs., 53, Bedford Square, Bloomsbury, W.C.  
 Ashbee, Miss F. M., 53, Bedford Square, Bloomsbury, W.C.  
 Aspland, Miss M., 93, Fellows Road, Hampstead, N.W.
- Baerlein, Max, The Grange, Withington, Manchester  
 Bargaen, Mrs. von, Oak Drive, Fallowfield, Manchester  
 Baudiss, F. de, 115, Gower Street, W.C.  
 Bell, Edward, M.A., 4, York Street, Covent Garden, W.C.  
 Benecke, Miss I., 13, Denning Row, Hampstead, N.W.  
 Benton, Miss, High School for Girls, Maresfield Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.
- Beringer, Oscar, 12, Hinde Street, Manchester Square, W.  
 Bibliothek, Königliche, Berlin  
 Black, Mrs. A., 23, Montague Place, Russell Square, W.C.  
 Blackie, Prof. J. S., F.R.S.E., 9, Douglas Crescent, Edinburgh  
 Boeckmann, Mrs. R., Tennat Road, Harborne, Birmingham  
 Bonham-Carter, W. H., 5, Hyde Park Square, W.  
 Boulton, Mrs., Tew Park, Enstone  
 Braby, F., F.C.S., F.G.S., Bushey Lodge, Teddington  
 Breul, K., M.A., Ph.D., Englemere, 19, Chesterton Road, Cambridge  
 Brown, Rev. T. E., M.A., Clifton College, Bristol  
 Browning, Oscar, M.A., King's College, Cambridge  
 Bruce, Miss M. L., 28, Hyde Park Square, W.  
 Buchheim, Prof. C. A., Ph.D., 47, Leamington Road Villas, W.  
 Bull, Rev. H. A., M.A., Wellington House, Westgate  
 Bury, J. B., M.A., F.T.C.D., 10, North Great George's Street, Dublin  
 Bythway, E., 56, Brown Street, Manchester
- Caird, Prof. E., LL.D., The University, Glasgow  
 Call, W. M. W., 9, Addison Gardens, Kensington, W.



Cann-Lippincott, R. C., Over Court, Bristol  
 Carey, Miss E. J., 1, Colosseum Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.  
 Carter, R. T., M.A., 1, Cecil Road, Clifton, Bristol  
 Cash, Mrs., Bankshill, East Heath Road, Hampstead, N.W.  
 Chadwick, Miss M., Park Cottage, East Sheen, S.W.  
 Chevelay, Miss H. M., Ladies' College, Huddersfield  
 Church, H. J., St. Andrew's Street, Cambridge  
 Coleridge, A. D., M.A., 12, Cromwell Road, S.W.  
 Collmann, C., Eccles Old Road, Eccles  
 Cooper, Miss J. C., High School for Girls, Gateshead-on-Tyne  
 Cooper, Miss L. M.  
 Copland, J., 58, Stramongate, Kendal  
 Corbet, Mrs. R. W., Stoke Rectory, Hodnett, Market Drayton  
 Cornish, Rev. F. F., M.A., Elmhurst, Victoria Park, Manchester  
 Coryn, W. J., M.R.C.S., 68, Acre Lane, Brixton, S.W.  
 Coupland, S., M.D., F.R.C.P., 16, Queen Anne Street, W.  
 Coupland, W. C., D.Sc., M.A., 10, Maitland Park Road, Haverstock Hill, N.W.  
 Courtney, W. L., M.A., New College, Oxford  
 Cowan, J., M.A., Grammar School, Manchester  
 Crookshank, Mrs. E., 24, Manchester Square, W.  
 Crossley, Mrs., Copley Dene, Cholmeley Park, Highgate, N.  
 Crowther, A., Mount Pleasant, Lockwood, Huddersfield  
 Cummins, Mrs., Steellands, Ticehurst, Hawkhurst

Dammann, F. W., 3, Greenhead Road, Huddersfield  
 Dammann, K., Ph.D., 22, Harborne Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham  
 Dehn, R., Olga Villa, Victoria Park, Manchester  
 Dowden, Prof. E., LL.D., Winstead, Temple Road, Rathmines, Dublin  
 Dreschfeld, Prof. J., M.D., 325, Oxford Road, Manchester  
 Dreyfuss, Mrs., Daisy Mount, Victoria Park, Manchester  
 Duffield, W. B., 5, Portman Street, Portman Square, W.

East, J. Goethe, The Avenue, Durham  
 Eckhard, G., Lord Street, Fallowfield, Manchester  
 Ehrhardt, Miss A., Hill Crest, Richmond Hill, Edgbaston, Birmingham  
 Emerson, Miss M., Craven Hill House, Craven Hill Gardens, W.  
 Eve, H. W., M.A., 37, Gordon Square, W.C.

Fawcett, Miss E. A., 70, Westbourne Terrace, Bayswater, W.  
 Feis, Jacob, 69, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N.W.  
 Ferrier, G. J., 11, Darnaway Street, Edinburgh  
 Finlayson, J., Woodlands, Victoria Park, Manchester  
 Freund, J., 3, Baker Street, Nottingham  
 Friquet, Mrs., Manor Mount, Forest Hill, S.E.  
 Fritsch, H., Warwick House, Lambolle Road, N.W.



Gaffron, Miss, 231, Upper Brook Street, Manchester  
 Garnett, R., LL.D., 3, St. Edmund's Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.  
 Gerrans, H. T., M.A., Worcester College, Oxford  
 Girton College, Cambridge (Miss Welsh)  
 Glünicke, G. R., B.A., Borussia House, Bedford  
 Goetz, E., Broome House, Seymour Grove, Old Trafford  
 Goldschmidt, P., Oldenburg House, Rusholme, Manchester  
 Goldsmid, Miss E. K., 20, Portman Square, W.  
 Gore, Miss A. A., 2, Warwick Place, Francis Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham  
 Greenwood, H., M.A., The Limes, Southwood Lane, Highgate, N.  
 Greenwood, Prof. J. G., B.A., LL.D., Chorlton View, Fallowfield, Manchester  
 Grommé, Mrs., Upper Park Road, Victoria Park, Manchester  
 Grove, Miss E., The College Hall, Byng Place, Gordon Square, W.C.

Haas, Meno, The Griffins, Gordon Road, Ealing, W.  
 Hagemann, Miss, 140, Fellows Road, Hampstead, N.W.  
 Hager, Herman, Ph.D., 15, Brook Road, Fallowfield, Manchester  
 Hale, C. D. B., 8, Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, W.  
 Halton, Mrs., Lauriston House, Wimbledon Common  
 Hanemann, A., Inglewood House, The Beeches, Barlow Moor Road, Didsbury  
 Harper, J., 25, Victoria Road, Fallowfield, Manchester  
 Hatzfeldt-Wildenberg, Count, 9, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.  
 Heinemann, W., 10, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, W.  
 Henschel, G., 45, Bedford Gardens, Campden Hill, Kensington, W.  
 Heppel, Miss M. L., B.A., High School for Girls, Bromley, Kent  
 Herford, Prof. C. H., M.A., Enfield House, Aberystwith  
 Herkomer, Prof. H., M.A., A.R.A., Dyreham, Bushey, Watford  
 Hertz, Miss, 20, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N.W.  
 Heywood, Mrs. C., Chaseley, Pendleton, Manchester  
 Heywood, O., Claremont, Eccles Old Road, Irlams-o'th'-Height, Manchester  
 Hilckes, H., care of C. Kapp & Co., Antwerp  
 Hill, Miss C., 27, Thurlow Road, Hampstead, N.W.  
 Hobson, T. F., M.A., Runnymede, West End Lane, West Hampstead, N.W.  
 Höfler, W., 22, Cambridge Road, Kilburn Park, N.W.  
 Hofmann, O., Schônkamp, Victoria Park, Manchester  
 Holley, Miss E., 56, Russell Square, W.C.  
 Horckheimer, E., Holly Royde, Palatine Road, Didsbury  
 Horckheimer, O., Sunbury, Victoria Park, Manchester  
 Horsley, R. P., M.A., 54, High Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock

Joachim, Mrs., 13, Airlie Gardens, Campden Hill, Kensington, W.  
 Kensing, W., Moss Grove Villa, Moss Lane East, Manchester



Kessler, Mrs., Summerville, Victoria Park, Manchester  
 King, Mrs., 13, Eton Road, Haverstock Hill, N.W.  
 Kirby, W. F., 5, Burlington Gardens, Chiswick  
 Koecher, M., Victoria Villa, Victoria Park, Manchester  
 Kolp, N., Woodthorpe, Victoria Park, Manchester  
 Kullman, J., Highfield, High Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester  
 Kyllmann, E., Laurel Grove, Withington, Manchester

Lange, Mrs. S., Windsor Place, Victoria Park, Manchester  
 Lawley, Hon. F., 1, Oxford and Cambridge Mansions, N.W.  
 Lawrence, F. T., 9, Bury Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.  
 Lawrence, Miss M., 18, Whitehall Place, S.W.  
 Lecky, Mrs., 38, Onslow Gardens, S.W.  
 Lee, Miss Jane, Old Hall, Newnham College, Cambridge  
 Lehmann, Rudolf, 28, Abercorn Place, N.W.  
 Levinstein, Ivan, Villa Neuburg, Victoria Park, Manchester  
 Lewes, C. L., 6, Cambridge Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.  
 Lewis, Mrs. J. E., 33, Carpenter Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham  
 Lewy, A., Brighton Grove, Rusholme, Manchester  
 Leycester, Rafe, Drayton Hall, West Drayton  
 Library, National, Dublin (care of Messrs. Hodges, Foster & Figgis)  
 Library, Trinity College, Dublin (Dr. Ingram, *Librarian*)  
 Lieben, J., Woodlands, Whalley Range, Manchester  
 Liebert, E., Upper Park Road, Victoria Park, Manchester  
 Lloyd, Miss Edith, 44, Palace Gardens Terrace, W.  
 Lloyd, Miss Ethel, 44, Palace Gardens Terrace, W.  
 Lobenhoffer, Professor K., Sunny Bank, Wilmslow, Manchester  
 London Library, 12, St. James's Square (R. Harrison, *Librarian*)  
 Low, Sidney, 2, Hare Court, Temple, E.C.  
 Lowell, Hon. J. Russell, D.C.L.  
 Lyster, T. W., B.A., 10, Harcourt Terrace, Dublin

Macdonell, A. A., M.A., Ph.D., 25, St. Giles, Oxford  
 Macgowan, W. S., The College, Cheltenham  
 Mahaffy, Rev. Prof. J. P., D.D., M.A., Trinity College, Dublin  
 Manning, Miss E. A., 35, Blomfield Road, Edgware Road, W.  
 Mappes, F., Messrs. Ziegler & Co., Manchester  
 Marseille, H., Ph.D., Grammar School, Manchester  
 Masson, Miss G. J., High School for Girls, Middlesbrough  
 Matheson, Mrs. T., 15, Cannon Place, Hampstead, N.W.  
 Max Müller, Prof. F., M.A., 7, Norham Gardens, Oxford  
 McCallum, Miss, High School for Girls, Burrage Road, Plumstead,  
 Kent  
 Mensch, R., 11, Caroline Street, Bedford Square, Bloomsbury, W.C.  
 Metcalfe, Miss F., Highfield, Hendon, N.W.  
 Meyer, Kuno, Ph.D., 17, Bentley Road, Liverpool  
 Miller, W., jun., Devonshire Club, St. James's Street, S.W.  
 Milner, G., Moston House, Moston, near Manchester



Moenich, Oscar, 8, Coleman Street, Gresham Street, E.C.  
 Momerie, Rev. Prof. A. W., M.A., D.Sc., 53, Cornwall Road, West-  
 bourne Park, W.  
 Mond, L., The Poplars, 20, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N.W.  
 Mond, Mrs. L., The Poplars, 20, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N.W.  
 Montefiore, C. J., 18, Portman Square, W.  
 Moreland, W. C. H., St. John's College, Cambridge  
 Morison, Miss R., The College Hall, Byng Place, Gordon Square, W.C.  
 Morris, Rev. A. B., 18, Eildon Street, Edinburgh  
 Muirhead, J. F., M.A., 162, Adelaide Road, Hampstead, N.W.  
 Mullins, W. E., M.A., Preshute House, Marlborough

Nutt, Alfred, 270, Strand, W.C.  
 Nutt, Mrs. Alfred, Beachey House, 61, Carlton Hill, N.W.

O'Connor, Miss A. A., LL.A., High School, 'The Lawn, Clapham  
 Common, S.W.  
 Oppenheim, S., York House, Oxford Road, Manchester  
 Oswald, Eug., M.A., Ph.D., 16, St. Mark's Crescent, Regent's Park,  
 N.W.  
 Oswald, Miss, 16, St. Mark's Crescent, Regent's Park, N.W.  
 Owen, Rev. J., East Anstey Rectory, Dulverton, N. Devon

Palmer, Miss  
 Patteson, Miss, 89, Gloucester Road, South Kensington, S.W.  
 Peters, G., 25, St. George's Road, Regent's Park, N.W.  
 Petersen, A., 2, Essex Court, Temple, E.C.  
 Petrusch, Miss B., Felkirk Villa, Stonebridge Park, Willesden, N.W.  
 Plattnauer, R., 46, Museum Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.  
 Plumptre, Miss C. E., 36, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.  
 Poynting, Rev. C. T., B.A., Brook Road, Fallowfield, Manchester  
 Preisinger, H., Clifton Avenue, Fallowfield, Manchester  
 Pridham, Miss, Westmoreland Lodge, Wimbledon Park  
 Procter, Miss F., 25, Elm Park Gardens, Chelsea, S.W.  
 Punnett, J. T., B.A., 1, Golding Park, Golding Hill, Loughton

Quenzer, Rev. P., Willow Bank, Moss Lane East, Manchester

Reiss, G., Messrs. Reiss, Bauer & Co., Manchester  
 Richardson, Miss A., 23, Queensborough Terrace, W.  
 Ritchie, D. G., M.A., Jesus College, Oxford  
 Robb, Mrs., 46, Rutland Gate, S.W.  
 Roberts, Miss, 5, Queen's Gate Place, S.W.  
 Robertson, J. G., 10, Valeview Terrace, Langside, Glasgow  
 Robinow, M., Palatine Road, Didsbury, Manchester.  
 Roby, Mrs., Wood Hill, Pendleton, Manchester  
 Rogers, A., 38, Clanricarde Gardens, W.  
 Roskill, Charles, Banff House, Rusholme, Manchester  
 Ruddy-Scott, Mrs., High School for Girls, Crown Hill, Willesden, N.W.



- Samson, H. J. P., Bowdon, Manchester  
 Saunders, T. B., M.A., 35, Nevern Square, Earl's Court, S.W.  
 Schelling, G., Rose Hill, Bowdon, Altrincham  
 Schmölder, O., Ladybarn Road, Fallowfield, Manchester  
 Schorlemmer, Prof. C., F.R.S., 27, Hyde Grove  
 Schubert, E., 11, Wilton Terrace, Camberwell Grove, S.E.  
 Schuster, Prof. A., Ph.D., F.R.S., Brighton Grove, Rusholme, Manchester  
 Schuster, E., 2, Lancaster Road, Belsize Park, N.W.  
 Scull, Mrs., 2, Langland Gardens, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W.  
 Scull, W. D., 2, Langland Gardens, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W.  
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 Smith, Mrs. Palmer, 15, Warwick Place, Leamington  
 Spiller, Miss J., 8, Hyde Park Mansions, N.W.  
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 Thorne, L. T., Ph.D., 19, Dafforne Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.  
 Thorne, Mrs. L. T., 19, Dafforne Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.  
 Tollemache, Hon. Mrs. Lionel, care of Messrs. Fricker, 4, Westow Hill Terrace, Upper Norwood, S.E.  
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 Tolmé, Mrs., Melrose House, Northumberland Road, Higher Broughton, Manchester  
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 Vienne Gcethe Verein, 9, Eschenbach Gasse, Vienna  
 Vollmer, H., The Laurels, Heaton Road, Withington, Manchester



Walhouse, M. J., 28, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.  
 Ward, Prof. A. W., Litt.D., LL.D., 7, Ladybarn Road, Fallowfield,  
 Manchester  
 Webb, Prof. T. E., LL.D., 5, Mount Street Crescent, Dublin  
 Weiste, Diedrich, Elmsdale, Hayne Road, Beckenham, S.E.  
 Wells, Miss, Crescent, Egerton Road, Fallowfield, Manchester  
 Welsh, Mrs., 15, Pilgrig Street, Edinburgh  
 Wesley, W. H., Royal Astronomical Society, Burlington House, W.  
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 Wichern, Miss, 71, Nelson Street, Oxford Road, Manchester  
 Wilkinson, T. R., The Polygon, Ardwick, Manchester  
 Wilkinson, Mrs. T. R., The Polygon, Ardwick, Manchester  
 Wilkinson, H. S., M.A., The Polygon, Ardwick, Manchester  
 Williams, Sydney, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.  
 Williams, T., 17, Trinity Road, Folkestone  
 Williams, Mrs. T., 17, Trinity Road, Folkestone  
 Williamson, Mrs. A. C., 4, Egerton Road, Fallowfield, Manchester  
 Wilson, H. Schütz, 102, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.  
 Woelffel, Miss, 39, Bark Place, Bayswater, W.  
 Woods, Mrs. H. G., Trinity College, Oxford  
 Wulfson, Miss, 158, Adelaide Road, Hampstead, N.W.

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### NOTICE.

*The Secretary will be glad to receive the names of intending Members.*

*It is PARTICULARLY REQUESTED that Subscriptions be paid directly to the Treasurer, and NOT sent through the Secretary.*

*Communications respecting Publications should be addressed to the Assistant Secretary.*





# The English Goethe Society.

1889.

A Meeting will be held at University College, London (Gower Street, W.C.), on Tuesday, February 19th, at 8 p.m.

## Proceedings.

I. Reception of the Report of the Council for 1888.

II. Election of Council and Auditors for the present year.

The following have been duly nominated as Members of the Council :—Mr. Alexander, Prof. Althaus, Mr. Bell, Prof. Buchheim, Dr. Coupland, Miss Emerson, Dr. Garnett, Prof. Herkomer, Hon. F. Lawley, Mr. Lewes, Mr. Muirhead, Mr. Nutt, Dr. Oswald, Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Tatton, Prof. Tomlinson, Mr. Schütz Wilson.

The following have been duly nominated as Auditors :—Mr. Punnett, Mr. Sydney Williams.

III. Notice of Motions.

1. In Rule v, to substitute for the words after “and shall” the words “be re-eligible.” (Dr. Oswald.)
2. Rule viii to read, “Meetings of the Society shall be held in February, June, and at such other times as the Council may determine.” (The Secretary.)
3. In Rule xiii to omit the words between “Council” and “Committees.” (The Assistant Secretary.)
4. To omit Rule xvi. (The Secretary.)
5. To omit Rule xviii. (The Council.)

IV. A Paper will be read by CUTHBERT SHIELDS, Esq., of C. C. C. Oxford, entitled “Goethe’s *Lehrjahre*, as exhibited in ‘*Dichtung und Wahrheit*’.”

W. C. COUPLAND,

*Hon. Sec.*







## English Goethe Society.

Secretary—Mr. W. C. COUPLAND, 10, Maitland Park Road, Haverstock Hill, N.W.

Treasurer—Mr. EDWARD BELL, York Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

Assistant Secretary—Mr. ALFRED NUTT, 270, Strand, W.C.

27<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1888

Dear Sir

I was prevented by work during  
Xmas from telling you that I have  
transferred your 1886 subscription to 1889  
in consequence of the 1886 books having  
gone out of print. I am trying  
to find them for you second hand.  
You have now I think all  
the other publications of the Society  
down to the end of this year.

Yours faithfully  
Alfred Nutt  
Anslee

Rev John Owen







## NOTICE.

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THE present volume is sent to all Members whose names are on the books of the English Goethe Society. The *Goethe Jahrbuch* for 1888 is ready; as this can only be sent to Members who have paid their Guinea Subscription for 1888, all who have not yet paid are kindly requested to do so, to enable the *Jahrbuch* to be sent to them. Subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. EDWARD BELL, York Street, Covent Garden, London.

A few Members have not yet paid the 1887 Subscription. It is kindly requested that they will do so, to enable the *Goethe Jahrbuch*, 1887, to be sent to them.

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Catalogue of the Goetheana in the British Museum.

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